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The WAR CRY

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OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE

CHRIST FOR THE WORLD.

SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA EAST

NEWFOUNDLAND

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WILLIAM MAXWELL, Lt.-Commissioner.



WINNING A FAMILY FOR GOD AND THE ARMY

(Centre) His wife threw pipe and tobacco in the stove, while the Sergeant-Major sang. Inset (upper) All the family came to the night meeting; (lower) They attended the meetings and testified. (See "A Real Family Affair," page 3)

DAILY BIBLE READINGS

Sunday, December 4th, Matt. 25:1-13.
 "Our lamps are gone out. Just when they were most needed! Is not this the experience of the foolish ones whose religion is mere profession? When first they set out their light appears to burn as brightly as that of the wise. But religion without Christ is a lamp without oil, and in due time the mere professor's light will surely flicker out, leaving them in the night of sorrow or of death, in woeful darkness."

Monday, December 5th, Matt. 25:14-30.

"To every man according to his several ability." What comfort is here for us. We need not feel disappointed because we lack the talents and gifts of others. Peace of heart may be ours in remembering that God knows just what we can do and will not expect from us the impossible.

"The wise and true
 Grave not the lofty tasks, but turn
 the small
 To greatness by the great heart doing
 all for God."

Tuesday, Dec. 6th, Matt. 25:31-46.

"When saw we Thee . . . and did not minister unto Thee?" Spiritual eyes would have seen Christ in each of His needy ones. Souls atune with Him would have rejoiced to serve Him in every poor, neglected life for whom no one else cared. But these people, because they were blind and indifferent, lost the priceless opportunity of ministering to the Lord Himself.

Wednesday, Dec. 7th, Matt. 26:1-13.

"An alabaster box of very precious ointment." And the perfume remains to this day! Never has a gift inspired so many others! As we read of Mary's offering, surely we too long to give some precious thing to the Saviour.

Thursday, Dec. 8th, Matt. 26:14-30.

"One of you shall betray Me." The Saviour tried to prevent Judas from betraying Him, and Peter from denying Him, but they would not listen, and so they both fell. The Lord, in love to His followers, still seeks to prevent them from falling into sin.

(Continued in column 4)

THE ONLY REMEDY

WHAT AN OFFICER TOLD A DRINK SLAVE HE MET WHILE ON HIS "WAR CRY" ROUNDS

HE WAS IRISH! If his eyes had not betrayed him, the trace of a one-time strongly pronounced Emerald Isle accent would have most certainly revealed the whereabouts of his native sod. But those eyes! They were bright, piercing. Even that peculiar, pathetic softness which now overcast them could not obscure their twinkling humor.

It touches one to see a man, strong and masculine, weep. It touches one to see a warrior, insensible to fear, though 'midst shot and shell, furtively dash away the tumbling tears from his cheek, as though fearful that others might see him blubbering like a baby!

My Irish friend was a man—every inch a man—and he was a warrior, and he was weeping.

He had battled against the Boers on the veldt of South Africa; he had faced the treacherous hill-tribes of Northern India; he had, though no longer a young man, served as Captain in an Irish regiment, during the Great War. And now, a slave to drink, he had settled down in Canada.

The Uniform Did It

I'll tell you how we became acquainted. I was selling WAR CRYs when I first saw him. He was sitting in a big rocking chair, on the verandah of a hotel. He purchased a "CRY" and asked to speak with me for a few moments. He was old enough to be my father, nevertheless he poured out to me his tale of sorrow. It was the uniform that did it, don't you think?

The drink—the cursed drink—had gripped my friend during his service in the army. Now he was bound tightly, so tightly that he despaired of freedom. In vain had he endeavored to break the hampering chains. All his efforts were futile.

Education had failed. "I'm a graduate of Queen's University in Belfast," he told me. Oh! how foolish, how fallacious are the hypotheses of those educationists who assert that moral reformation will inevitably re-

sult from mass education. If it can't save the individual, it will not save the masses.

Even a godly training fails before the onslaughts of Satan. In the good old days, prior to enlisting, my friend had been a Sunday School teacher. Now—a drunkard! What a contrast. —Satan loves such contrasts. He is filled with hideous mirth when the innocent maid falls prey to a life of wrong; when the youth develops into a bestial-natured man, when the fervent Christian becomes Laodicean in character. Such contrasts please him. And certainly he was never more pleased than when he saw this intelligent young Sunday School teacher transformed into a degraded drinker.

"Every Day, in Every Way"

My friend had resorted, again and again to self-reformation. But that, too, only sped failure. Yes, even if he had tried Dr. Farnham's famous suggestion, viz.: "Every day, in every way, I'm getting better and better"—he would have failed. Perhaps he did try it, for all I know! But how can a man who has lost the power of resistance by repeated indulgence, exert sufficient will-power to extricate himself from sin? If he had possessed a keen intellect, unmarred by the silt in which he indulged, and if his will-power had remained unaffected by its long misuse, consequent upon following the line of least resistance, then perhaps—perhaps, I say, a mental resolve and the subsequent restoration of that resolve would have tended to stabilize him. But his will-power was a wreck, and his mind, once alert, was dulled.

"Is there hope for me?" Such was his piteous cry. It was like the wail of a drowning man, a man who could grasp at a straw to save his life.

"Is there hope for me?"
 "Ho! Ho! Hallelujah, there was hope. I didn't tell him of the methods of physiologists. I didn't tell him of any human scheme for the amelioration of his deplorable condition. Water ever seeks its own level. It

will go no higher, unless some external force is brought to bear upon it. The human can lift humanity only to that height to which the human has attained. And that height, my friend, is not much above the morass in which the "common" sinner dwells! It is fraught with the same ills and vexations and disappointments. No, I did not tell him of human power.

I told him of the Blood.
 "The Blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin. Because it is Divine, shed in Him, One who died in our stead. Behold it, for those who exercise faith in the Atonement is the cogent Power of the Hand that moves the world. My friend, promised to believe, I promised to pray. He promised to pray. I have not seen him since, but I think, don't you, that such a seeking, yearning heart, when told how to obtain the panacea for all earth's ills would seek it? I knew that I had told him the truth when I told him about the Blood. So you have I seen its Power manifested in the lives of men, that 'twould be impossible to doubt."

Simmer friend, what does the precious Blood of the Lord Jesus Christ mean to you?—C. D. Wiseman, Librarian, Bedford Park.

THE WASTED YEARS

Splitting an elm tree at the Rainton Wooded at Wetherby, England, a workman found a sickle embedded in the trunk, and the annual rings of the tree proved that it had been there over seventy years.

How came it in such a position? Was it through carelessness or forgetfulness? Or had some harvester got tired of work and hidden his reaping hook?

Seventy years idle and useless! A retired sickle! A life-time lost. How many other useful instruments might be found lying idle while the fields are white unto the harvest!

(Continued from column 1)
Friday, Dec. 9th, Matt. 26:31-46.

"Not as I will, but as Thou wilt." While the disciples slept, the Saviour agonized in prayer, and earnestly besought His enemies to arrest Him. He was ready to meet them in the strength His Father had given Him. The Saviour can teach us each to say, "Not my will, but Thine be done," and to find what Madame Guyon called "the peace that lies in an accepted sorrow."

Saturday, Dec. 10th, Matt. 26:47-56.

"Then all the disciples forsook Him and fled." Thus, forsaken and alone, the Saviour faced the coming Cross of shame, and the seeming failure of His whole life's work. Someone has said, "The test of a great soul is how he faces failure. Jesus faced it calmly and in sublime confidence, not merely because He was divine, but because He was a man walking in the path of duty, and trusting everything to the Father."

WHY HE TURNED BACK

At the Bradford Central Halliness meeting, a young Officer recently told the following experience: "I was on duty at the Quarters at about ten o'clock this morning to carry out a visitation plan whereby I was to start on the furthest end of my district. When I had walked about forty yards, however, the Spirit of God told me to turn from my path and go to a certain house. I had not previously thought of visiting."

The door was answered by a man whom I had sometimes spoken to in the street. He agreed to my entering the house and then I discovered that his wife was ill in bed.

I spoke to them of spiritual things but they were not interested. After a long struggle lasting an hour and a half, I had the joy of pointing them to the Saviour. I felt humbled because God came so clearly to me and showed me what I should do, although my plans were contrary.—British WAR CRY.



CRIMINAL SUSPECT SEEKS SALVATION

SOME weeks ago Jackie Green, an Australian aborigine, gave his heart to God in the Melbourne City Temple. He had been brought down from Lake Tyres Aborigine Station to stand his trial for a robbery which had been committed and in which he was suspected of being an accomplice. Having knelt at the penitentiary, and decided to serve God, Jackie felt fortified for the ordeal ahead of him. He asked God to help him, and went fearlessly into court, believing that Christ would vindicate the right.

Jackie was cross-questioned for a long time, but was eventually acquitted. He thanks God first for having found Salvation, and secondly that he can return to his kinsfolk with the stigma removed from his character. Even a dark man has a deep sense

of what is an injustice.—Melbourne WAR CRY.

DESTITUTE FAMILY GETS SALVATION ARMY SERVICE

A DRIZZLING RAIN tapped drearily on the canvas roof of a shabby old brown tent just under the brow of a hill off an unimproved Hawkville street near the park, as a man lay with no other shelter and shivered, as his wife, mother of five children, kept a dull fire going with scraps of driftwood and dead boughs which thinly carpeted a nearby grove.

"The little coal pile was gone. The kitchen table was scoured clean. Nothing but bread and a little milk had been seen about the place for several days. The eldest boy, ambitious to complete an education, quit school the other day and went to work, taking odd jobs at teaming to keep the family going."

"Three other children are still in school and the fifth was yielding a mammoth sad iron pressing an apron when Ensign Watson and a reporter came to the tent home bringing boxes of groceries. One box was from The Salvation Army, the

other from the department of civics and philanthropy of the Women's Club. Milk was also supplied and, at Ensign Watson's order, a coal wagon drove up and dumped 1,000 pounds of coal just outside the shelter's canvas doorway."

"The boy learned the teaming business from his father who formerly made a good living and started to buy a home. The family came here from Bructown six months ago, when afterward the husband's health began to fail under the inroads of tuberculosis, of which he had never before suspected he was a victim."

"Things went rapidly from bad to worse and this week he has had three hemorrhages. It was only with difficulty that Ensign Watson made arrangements to have the man taken into the hospital for treatment since his brief residence here is added to the other obstacle that a long waiting list of men of poor health at the hospital books. He received an examination this morning and will likely be kept at the hospital for treatment. The Salvation Army is arranging for more comfortable quarters for the family and to get the boy a permanent job."—Chicago WAR CRY.

WHEN SIN'S FETTERS WERE BROKEN

Drunken Miner Cries Aloud "Oh, God, if there is a God, make me a better man" and his Prayer is Wonderfully Answered

By SERGEANT-MAJOR WM. SCOTT, Hamilton V

I WAS BORN in the United States and brought up in the country until I was twelve years of age. As I could go to school when I liked, I got very little education. At the age of eleven I started work in the coal mines. Sunday was a day revered by my parents, and every Sunday night we would gather round the table and my father would read to us out of the family Bible.

Learned to Drink

When I was twelve, we went to Scotland. We had only been there a few years when mother died, and then the family became separated. When I was eighteen I became strongly attached to football games. This led me into the public house, where at first I only drank lemonade, but my companions kept at me, trying to get me to try a little beer in the lemonade. (Oh, I pray God that this may be used as a warning to the young people never to yield to such a temptation.) Gradually I took a glass of beer, then a pint and finally ended by taking whiskey. This made me careless and I did not care what I did.

My father was one of the oldest colliery managers in Scotland and at the time of his death, my brother sent for a minister to conduct the funeral. Being unable to obtain one, two Army lassies came around and offered their services. None of my friends who were there knew much about The Army, but I shall never forget what beautiful services they held, both at home and at the grave. This was the means of my brother-in-law getting saved.

Then my brother took sick and the Officers, hearing of his illness, asked his wife for permission to come and visit him. He gave his heart to God on his deathbed.

From Bad to Worse

After my brother's death I went from bad to worse. To get money for drink I would go into the boxing booths, thus earning a few shillings. It was there that I met a man who was a poacher and to get money for drink I started to go out at nights with him, after the rabbits and hares and partridges. Often we were almost caught, but managed to escape.

My wife many a night never closed her eyes, wondering if I was safe. We moved from this small country place to a mining village. One Saturday night my wife and three children went out for a walk. The Army was playing and the children asked their mother to stop and listen to the Open-air. As a result, she gave her heart to God. On the following Sunday night she went to the Hall and there made an open confession of Salvation. When she came home with the three children, I asked her where she had been, and she told me she

had been to The Salvation Army and got saved. My reply was "See you keep it."

After my wife's conversion I got worse; I was spending most of my money on drink. I had a good job in the coal pits as a contractor. At times I would go away for a week and leave my wife and family alone. This continued for nine months. One week-end when was a Band coming from Dnmfermline to Cowdenbeath to take the meetings. My wife pleaded with me to go with her to the meeting on the Saturday night. There was to be tea and a Festival and the Officer had given her a ticket for me.

fourth row from the front. The Hall was full and there were plenty of eyes on us, as we were well-known in the town. The opening song and prayer and second song were soon through and the Band Sergeant gave his testimony. He said it was only a "step to Jesus." These words took hold of me. I heard no more that night, but a "step to Jesus." My mate said, "Bill, it is time we were going to our work." We worked at night and I had to let the men know what to do.

Going from the Hall to my house all that I said was, "Boys, they have the best of it." "Yes, they have the

best of it." "Yes, they have the

best of it." "Yes, they have the

Wondered What Was Wrong

In the morning I took all the tools and explosives and locked them up and told the men I was going home as I was not feeling well. On the way home, I met the man who took the early shift and I told him that all was fixed up except the place where I was working, and if God spared me I would put it right that night. He wondered what was wrong with me, as I did not stop to talk with him as usual. He asked some of the men about me and they said they did not know, as I had not spoken much to them all night.

I got home, got washed and went into my bedroom, where I fell on my knees and cried at the top of my voice as if God were miles away from me. "Oh, God, if there is a God, make me a better man." Praise His Holy Name. He came into my heart. My wife got out of bed, with tears streaming down her cheeks, and started to pray also.

That morning I went to my bed instead of going out to wait at the public house or to open. I got up about one o'clock and it seemed to me that my home was Heaven. My wife had gone out and told one of the Soldiers and he was in the house waiting to go out with me. When I went out I put my hand into my pocket to take out my pipe, but I felt so condemned that I could not smoke, and for weeks I had to fight hard with this temptation.

Broke Pipe in Half

One night I looked at my children and thought I would not like to see them smoking that dirty old pipe, so I broke it in halves and, with the tobacco, threw it into the fire, determined to smoke no more. But at night I could not sleep and I got out of bed and hunted up an old wooden pipe. I then found I had no tobacco, so I took some tea and put into my pipe. After two draws, I took the pipe and put it into the fire and fell down on my knees and asked God's forgiveness and asked Him to take away the desire. Thank God He did.

That happened seventeen years ago, on the 28th of October, and I have a joy and a peace to-day which the world cannot give and cannot take away.

I HEAR HIM CALLING

These verses may be sung to tune of "Aloha Oe"

There's a voice of Love so sweet and low
That only weary souls can hear,
And it hovers o'er the path we go,
'Tis the whisper of Jesus ever near.

Chorus:

I hear Him calling, calling me,
"Oh, weary one why wilt thou longer roam?"
Oh, yes, I hear Him calling me,
"Dear child of Mine, come Home, come Home."

In the silent hush of early dawn,
In the noontide's hour of glowing heat,
When the curtains of the eve are drawn,
I can hear loving whispers low and sweet.

Oh, the Love that bore the Cross for me
And climbed the crest of Calvary's brow,
That my soul from guilt might be set free,
Is the Love that is gently calling now.

Long I sought earth's joys, but only pain
Reposed beneath the gilded charms,
Now I leave it all to find again
Peace Divine in His open, Loving Arms.

—Robert T. Redding, Hamilton.

At first I laughed at her, but finally I consented to go. After the tea was over, I made my way to the public house and got my supply of whiskey for Sunday. My brother and another man sat and drank the whiskey and beer all day. When night came, my wife again asked me to go to the meeting. This time I said to her, "What do I want with your meeting?" and I went out of the house. It was a habit of mine to go for a walk to try and take away the horrors of the drink. I went over to my mate's house and found my brother was there also.

I said, "Suppose we go to The Army to-night." He replied, "Maybe we could do worse." We all went to The Army, and sat in the third or

best of it," my mate replied. I was getting dressed for work when my wife and children came in. I was like a madman with the words ringing in my ears, "Only a step to Jesus."

My wife looked at me and said, "Oh, don't go to the pit to-night, you will be killed." I was mad with drink, so I turned round in a rough way and told her to shut her mouth. But God's Spirit was striving with me. I got an old Bible and opened it at the 31st Psalm and read, "In Thee, O Lord, do I put my trust." I laid it down again and walked up and down the floor and then I fell on my knees and cried to God to save me. I rose, but knew no difference. I left the house in a rage, and on the way to

A REAL FAMILY AFFAIR

(See frontispiece)

that night though he was under deep conviction.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he said to the Sergeant-Major, "if you'll come to my house next Saturday night we'll talk the matter over."

The Sergeant-Major readily agreed to this.

Saturday came and the Sergeant-Major spotted the man listening to the Open-air meeting with a very serious and thoughtful expression on his face. At the close of the meeting he went up to him.

"Well, friend," he said, "what

about that chat you and I are to have?"

"Come along to my house and I'll hear what you have to say," said the man.

But we will let the Sergeant-Major tell the rest of the story. "We sat and had quite a nice talk together," he says. "I told him the story of how God had met me in my pit clothes when under the influence of drink, and of how He had saved me." (The story of the Sergeant-Major's conversion appears above.—Ed.) "I then started to deal with him about his soul, and finally asked

him to kneel down by the table while I prayed for him. Glory be to God he got saved at eleven o'clock, at night. While I was on my knees singing that beautiful chorus, 'The sufferings of Jesus,' the man's wife, with tears streaming down her face, was putting his pipe and tobacco, which he had handed her, in the kitchen stove. Love of the pipe had held him back from serving God for a long time.

On the following Sunday both the man and his wife came to the meetings and testified, and at night the eldest girl came to the penitent-form. So there is great rejoicing in the home now because Christ is the Head of the House."

ONE recent Sunday two new children came along to the Company Meeting at the Hamilton V Corps. They had been sent there by their parents, who had just moved to the neighborhood, to see how they liked it. So pleased were the children with the welcome they received and the bright and cheery way in which the meeting was conducted that they went home with a glorious report to their parents. As a result the whole family attended the night meeting, and when the invitation to the merry-sest was given the mother went forward and made her peace with God.

Sergeant-Major Scott dealt with the father, but he would not yield

Victory Winning on the Field

Many Happenings in the Forest City

LONDON I (Commandant and Mrs. Laing)—The installation of our new Officers took place in the Citadel, under the direction of Brigadier and Mrs. Burton, who were assisted by Staff-Captain Sparks. Splendid crowds attended the Sunday's meetings. After the Commandant's earnest appeal in the night meeting we rejoiced over one soul. We have started a week-night Young People's meeting. Over one hundred were present on the first occasion. Young People's Sergeant-Major Ferguson is putting forth every effort, with the help of his workers, to make these meetings of great interest to all. This week-end we have been favored with a visit from Colonel Nobility of F.I.C. His message in the morning meeting was listened to with great interest. Lt.-Commissioner and Mrs. Rice, who are Soldiers of the Corps, also took part. The afternoon meeting was a real praise meeting. The Band and Songsters supplied special music and singing for the occasion. At night, Commandant and Mrs. Hurd farewelled, also their son, Clarence, a valuable member of the Band. One soul surrendered.

Service Men Attend Impressive Celebration in Army Citadel

STRATFORD (Adjutant and Mrs. Robinson)—Commandant and Mrs. Galway, a Toronto Army wife, were with us for Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 12-13th. On Saturday night, following the Open-air, enthusiastic, very profitable hour was spent in the Citadel, where the Commandant gave an impressive address. On Sunday morning we were greatly helped and blessed. Sunday afternoon's event exceeded our highest expectations. An Armistice Day Memorial service was given on the bandstand. Great War veterans and members of the Perth Regiment, accompanied by the Canadian Legion, paraded to the Citadel, where the impressive service was held. The Band led the parade, followed by His Majesty's Canadian Corps and several of the city's Aldermen. Many of our veterans were present. The parade was carried during their valiant work overseas and the parade presented a colorful scene. The Citadel was crowded to capacity, even to the platform. Adjutant Robinson, the chairman, called on Mayor Marshall, who thanked those responsible for arranging the celebration. The speaker of the afternoon was Commandant Galway, who gave a very inspiring address, basing it on the verse:

"He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city." Two minutes of impressive silence were observed. Then the Lord's Prayer was read by Bugler Edward Martin, and the "Dead March" played by the Band. The meeting was closed by the singing of "O God, our Help in Ages Past." The parade reformed and marched past the War Memorial before the Citadel. At night, the Commandant delivered another telling address. Mrs. Galway, who supported the Commandant throughout, expressed a strong desire for a return visit from these specialists and we are looking forward to the gathering of souls as the result of their meetings.—Corres. H. H. Thompson.

Much in Little

BELLEVILLE (Adjutant and Mrs. Boulton)—In the Salvation meeting last Sunday evening, so many hearts. We rejoiced over five souls seeking aid finding God.

Hall Re-Opened

WOODSTOCK, N.B. (Ensign Danby, Captain Hunt)—Special meetings were held in the hall, and when the re-opening of the Hall took place, Brigadier and Mrs. Knight were in charge. This was a very inspiring service. The Sunday afternoon meeting was given up to the Young People, and a very brilliant service was given. At night two seekers came forward. On Monday night the Band assisted in a special program.

Idols Carried Round the Hall

HAMILTON V (Ensign Greatrix, Capt. Parsons)—We had great rejoicing over eight souls coming to the Saviour on Sunday night. The first to come was a young woman and then one after the other penitents came forward to the penitent-form. The last one who found Christ was a young man. How he struggled over his tobacco. But at last the Devil was defeated and the idols put on the Altar. The Corps Sergeant-Major marched around the Hall with them. It was touching to see the mother of the young man praying with him. All praise is given to God.

Back to the Fold

PARRISBORO, N.S. (Captain Williams, Lieutenant Turner)—On Corps Cadet Sunday, after a hard day's struggle, two young men came back to God. The following Tuesday one adult and four young ladies in their teens knelt at Jesus's feet.—C.C. Marjorie Ogilvie.

Won Through Singing

KIRKLAND LAKE (Captain Beeson, Lieutenant Haines)—Two souls were saved during the past week and there were two seekers for Consolation. We have commenced Cottage meetings, which are proving times of great blessing. Our Open-air Attendance are increasing. One convert, recently attracted by the

Corps Cadets Net Five Souls

LONG BRANCH (Captain Pilfrey, Lieut. Hetherington)—Corps Cadet Sunday was a day of blessing. Corps Cadet Guardian Mrs. Lowry and the Corps Cadets led the meetings. Corps Cadet Lockwood delivered a helpful address in the Holiness meeting. At night we were reinforced with several visitors. Lieutenant Pilfrey, Songster-Leader Pilfrey, Songster Pilfrey, Bandman and Mrs. Pilfrey, of Woodstock, also Bandmen Buchanan and McEade, of Riverdale, each took part and the Pilfrey Vocal Quartette rendered a song. Corps Cadet Howell gave a heart-to-heart talk, and five seekers were registered.

Four Souls Seek Salvation

SAINT JOHN IV (Ensign Pedderson, Lieutenant Wells)—We recently had with us for the week-end Ensign Whitehead, from Divisional Headquarters. Much blessing was received through his messages and singing. The Singing Company rendered splendid service during the week-end. The following Tuesday night four souls sought Salvation.

Lippincott Band "Specials"

ORANGEVILLE (Captain Sheppard, Lieutenant Campbell)—On Sunday, November 6th, we welcomed Captain Sheppard into our midst. Times of blessing were experienced at night, and

BLESSED TIMES AT NEW WATERFORD

Thirteen Seekers at the Cross

[By Wire]

Staff-Captain Vint, of Kenya, East Africa, spoke powerfully at New Waterford on Sunday last, and through him the Holy Spirit was poured out upon us. During the day we saw thirteen seekers at the Cross.—F. S. Watts.

Two Soldiers Sworn In

ESSEX (Captain Kennedy, Lieutenant Marksell)—On Thanksgiving Day a soldiers' tea was held. The surplus food was afterwards taken to a family in great distress. After tea a gathering of the officers and representatives of the various departments of Corps activity were called upon to speak. The Captain gave a helpful talk. Altogether it was a very enjoyable evening. On Sunday, November 13th, two Soldiers were baptized under the dear old Flag.—Corres. A. Burton.

Meeting in County Jail

GOLDERSHIRE (Captain Allen, Lieut. Butler)—A meeting was held in the County Jail on Sunday morning last. The inmates enjoyed the meeting, in the way they sang and in the way they listened. The meeting attendance is on the increase. We proposed last Sunday evening to have a meeting for our returning to the Fold. Brigadier Burton conducted the meeting. The meeting was a night's meeting, which was of spiritual uplift to all present.

Singing Company Makes its Debut

P.O. T. COLBORNE (Captain Zarfas, Lieutenant Simpson)—Extra meetings were held in the hall throughout the winter months and these so far have been well attended. Part of our Sunday night meeting is devoted to singing. Much blessing is received from the singing. Commandant Ash was a recent visitor and the Young People's Singing Company, under Lieutenant Simpson, made its first appearance. They are doing well and the Commandant gave them fitting words of encouragement.—Zark.

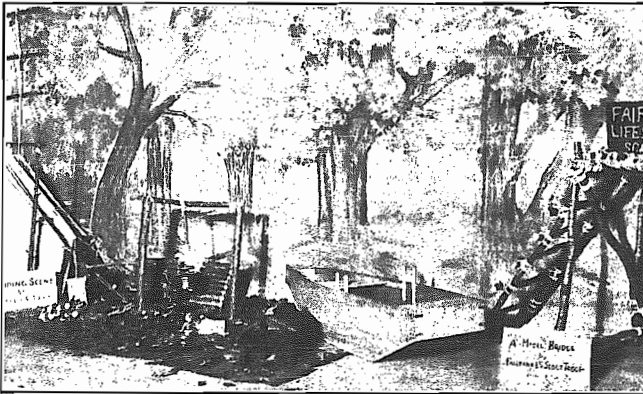
Kenya Colony Visitor

FLORENCE (Captain Ritchie, Lieut. Charlton)—On Sunday, October 30th, Lieutenant Charlton was welcomed. The Holy Spirit spoke through the message which the Lieutenant gave. On Tuesday, December 1st, the day Candidate L. Miles, who has been of untold blessing and help to all, farewell. We recently were favored with a visit from Staff-Captain Vint, of Kenya, East Africa, who brought much blessing to all.—C.M.C.

Divisional Commander Leads

SEAFORTH (Captain Jannaway, Lieut. Ritchie)—Last Sunday we had a visit from Brigadier Burton, whose message was a means of much blessing. His visit to the Company Meeting was much enjoyed by the Young People. The preceding Sunday, the choir of the Commandant Ritchie and Corps Cadet Haskel, of Galt. Although the day was very stormy, our Open-air attendance and indoor crowds were above the average. God is working in this small but wide-awake Corps.

OXFORD (Captain Pilley, Lieutenant Hutchinson)—While the Officers were at Congress, Rev. Mr. Earle conducted our Sunday night service. The choir of that church also assisted after their service. A good crowd was in attendance.



Camp Fire Scene and a Model Bridge—two exhibits by Toronto Temple and Fairbank Scout Troops, respectively shown at the recent Life-Savers' Handicraft Exhibition in Toronto

singing in the Open-air, is now taking place. We have had a concert of last Brother Melvor, of Toronto, whose coming proved of great inspiration and help.—Corres. E. Cook.

Spreading the Good News

ST. MARY'S (Captain Baker, Lieut. Edwards)—Last week-end we had with us the West Toronto Sextette and Quartette Party. Sunday afternoon we went to Sucon for an Open-air meeting, which was greatly enjoyed by our comrades. A roughing Salvation meeting at night resulted in one seeker. The week-end was thoroughly enjoyed by our comrades, who aroused interest among the outside people. The music and blessing brought by the visiting comrades proved an inspiration to all.

Both Sides of the Fireplace

PARTINGTON AVENUE (Ensign Hickling and Richardson)—On Corps night, Sunday the Cadets were to the front. At night the concert of last Sunday gave a good testimony to the power of God. A seeker came from the comrades is a real trophy of God's Grace. We rejoiced over twelve seekers at the Cross, concluding the meeting at 10.30. One of our recent men converts, who had a sick child, called the Officers in to pray in the home. The visits were continued with the result that the mother also found Christ. We enrolled a new Corps Cadet.

one soul claimed Salvation. On a recent Sunday evening we had a visit from the Lippincott Band, accompanied by Captain Ellis, a former Officer of the Corps. The afternoon we visited an Outpost, holding a Musical meeting at the Opera House. A large audience gathered in the Town Hall at night to hear the message of Salvation proclaimed through music and song. One person requested prayer. The Young People's War is steadily advancing. A brigade of Sunbeams is soon to be inaugurated.

Corps Cadets in the Firing Line

HAMILTON I (Commandant and Mrs. Raymer)—Last Saturday's meeting was led by the Songster Brigade. And be it said to the credit of the Brigade that they turn out as a Brigade on Sunday mornings, afternoons and evenings, regularly, and during the winter months on Saturday evenings as well. The meeting was piloted by Songster-Leader Conti and was of a most interesting, varied and helpful character. On Corps Cadet Sunday, the Corps Cadets did good service. At night Corps Cadet Scott gave an interesting talk on the advantages of Corps Cadetship. Following a heart-stirring message from the Commandant, one young man surrendered to Christ, while others raised their hands for prayer. Before the evening meeting, the Band journeyed to The Army's hospital, and played very feelingly a number of the old hymn tunes.

Worth Coming From Scotland For

TORONTO TEMPLE (Commandant and Mrs. Richard E. Engeln) announced that on Sunday, November 13th, a beautiful spirit of prayer and expectancy prevailed. During the Prayer meeting twelve souls, nearly all volunteers, came to the mercy-seat. On Saturday, November 19th, the Singers were responsible for the meeting and a bright, helpful program, which included a musical offering, was rendered. Last Sunday another break came, nine more surrenders being made. The converts are taking their stand and testifying to the saving and keeping power of God.

Army Activities in Other Lands

A Review of Our World Wide Operations

INTERNATIONAL PARS

Yakutat, the baby Corps of Alaska, has enrolled twenty-seven native Soldiers in less than three months.

At Portsmouth, England, a slum post has been opened in a building which was formerly a public-house.

A Japanese high school student who got converted in a General's meeting in the Okayama Theatre, has become a Soldier, and sold ninety-three special Anti-drink WAR CRYS to his teachers and fellow students.

The West African WAR CRY has found its way into the palace of His Highness the Alike of Abeokuta, who is now a regular reader.

Commissioner and Mrs. de Groot have conducted a successful Congress among the Mashonas of South Africa.

In addition to conducting the Annual Congress in Germany, the General will, at the close, conduct two days' meetings at Brussels.

Lieut.-Colonel Barr, Territorial Commander of the West Indies (East) Territory, has been promoted to the rank of Colonel.

The House of Representatives has been extensively improved, making it possible to do much more and better work.

Among the Cadets in Training at San Francisco are two American born Japanese, the first to enter any Training Garrison on this continent.

The Superintendent of Police in Chicago has sent a letter to all his commanding officers, which contains the following: "I want it known that I am heartily in sympathy with the great humanitarian work of The Salvation Army."

"Just a line to inform my Canadian comrades of my appointment in the land of my adoption," writes Captain Corbett, who recently farewelled from Canada. "I have been appointed to assist Eileen and Mrs. Knowles, at the King Edward Home, in Bombay. My new name is Bainsingh. I am nicely settled and trying to do my best for the extension of the Kingdom."

READY TO SHAVE EVERYBODY!

Some "howlers" and humorous requests for advice have come to light in connection with applications for the S.S. "Vedic" migrant party. There is an enterprising hairdresser who expressed his wish to shave his way to Australia. He gallantly offered to "shave everybody"—minors, passengers, officers and crew—in return for a free passage on the "Vedic."

One dear old lady, who desired to join one of her sons wished to know if it would be possible "to insure the redemption of my grand children during the voyage." A bright youth in reply to the question, "What is your usual calling?" answered, "6 a.m." A father of several children inquired if, when settled overseas, his wife and family could be brought over in instalments.

There seems to be some confusion about the question of "nationality" on the part of Scotsmen. "Aberdonian" is a specimen reply. One man desired a berth near the paddle-wheel. To a question about the redemption of a boy whose parents were dead, the reply was "I live in a flat without a guardian." But, perhaps, the applicant destined to become rich is the one who wanted to know if he could draw the "100 lb. baggage allowance" from the British Railway Company as soon as he signed the forms. Canny Scot, of course!

A Canadian Missionary Among the Crims

AN INTERESTING LETTER TELLING OF THE ARMY'S WORK IN THE SITANAGARAM SETTLEMENT

"STATIONED here in one of The Army's Criminal Settlements," writes Captain John Fitton, "I get a good idea of just what The Army is doing for these one-time law-breakers. There are nearly one thousand here, and they are criminals no longer. Such a large number naturally requires attention in many ways. The Settlement is divided into two parts by a railroad. The Manager, Ensign Swan, is in charge of one half, and I have the oversight of the other.

"A great spiritual work is being

showed special interest in the Life-Saving Scouts and inspected them and watched them drill.

"The educational side is well looked after in a School staffed by seven teachers and a headmaster. The physical condition of the people receives the attention of a commander and a nurse. Every morning a number of sick folk line up for medical attention at the dispensary. The people from the villages around also receive free medical attention.

"About seven hundred acres of land have been given to the settlers



Commander Evangeline Booth unveils the tablet in the wall of the Aquarium, in Battery Park, which marks the spot where the first Salvation Army Open-air meeting was held in the U.S.A. On the right is Field-Major Westbrook, aged 84, the sole survivor of the seven Officers who, with Commissioner Raiton, took part in this first gathering, in 1880

carried on among these people. A Corps is operated on the Settlement, with an Indian Officer in charge. Company Meetings are held, with twenty Companies operating. Most of the Company Guards are also Corps Cadets, of whom we have twenty. Life-Saving Scouts have recently been organized, the inauguration taking place a few weeks ago by Colonel of Muthiah, the Territorial Commander. There are thirty boys in the Troop and they are shaping very well.

A Model Town

"In a recent meeting conducted by the Territorial Commander and the Chief Secretary the following incidents took place: the enrolment of eighteen Senior Soldiers, the enrolment of eight Junior Soldiers, the dedication of four babies, and the swearing-in of twenty-eight Adherents, Christian names being given to them. Best of all, six men came forward to accept Christ. So you can see that a good spiritual work is in progress.

"Recently the Commissioner of Labor paid a visit to the Settlement and was pleased with all he saw. He

in one and two acre lots. This, of course, encourages them in farming. Ploughs and oxen are given to them to use in working their land. Quarry work is carried on which provides employment for hundreds of the people. Stone is sent from our quarries to many places for the use of road work and other public works.

A "Full Up" Meeting

"To think that twelve years ago these people were brought in from the jungle like wild animals where they used to live in constant fear of the police. The Settlement is like a model town, well organized, with everything done for the betterment of the people. It is indeed a great work, this re-making of manhood.

"I will take this opportunity of thanking you for THE WAR CRYS sent to me week by week. They are eagerly looked for.

"God is blessing me in my work among these people. The work is full of interest, and provides a great opportunity for practical help.

"I trust the little information sent will prove of interest to comrades in the Land of the Maple."

SAVING THE YOUNG IN THE U.S.A. CENTRAL TERRITORY

The Territorial Young People's Secretary of the Central U.S. Territory was recently in our midst. This energetic young man, Staff-Captain Herbert Young, by his visit to Toronto in the interests of the Young People's War. He timed his visit to coincide with the Toronto Handicraft Exhibition, from which he gleaned much valuable data for probable use at a similar venture in Chicago in the not far distant future.

A WAR CRY man managed to squeeze in a few minutes' chat with the Staff-Captain, and asked him about the Young People's War "over the line." Our visitor needed no coaxing to discourse on such a topic, and quickly summarized the status of his Young People in the Central Territory. Whilst the Staff-Captain is not lacking in appreciation of the situation as he views it, yet he frankly states that what has been achieved is far below what he wishes and expects to see achieved.

The Staff-Captain spoke with enthusiasm on the Corps Cadet situation. There are three thousand enrolled Corps Cadets and the Brigades are weekly being strengthened by additional recruits. An encouraging phase of this branch is the pleasing percentage of uniform-wearers, and the fine spirit of activity apparent among the Corps Cadets.

The Scout and Guard Movement, the Staff-Captain stated, is comparatively new, and, as yet, this branch has not had an opportunity to develop. The Movement is, however, gaining in popularity, and a splendid influx of newcomers to The Army has resulted from the inauguration of Troops throughout the Territory. It is expected that within the near future the number of Troops will be doubled. One Division has pledged itself to inaugurate ten new Troops. In fact the objective of "a Troop in every Corps," is being aimed for.

But that led the Staff-Captain to another topic of peculiar interest and of noteworthy importance. This is the inception of a campaign, the slogan for which will be "Do your best." This will be a Territory-wide effort, embracing in its scope every branch of activity, and concluding with a special campaign among the young people. A territory plan of action has been arranged and a great forward move is anticipated.

The Young People's Councils are given rightful prominence. These are conducted in each Division annually, and five or six sessions are devoted to the young people. Councils of this nature were conducted within the past few weeks, and thirty young people over the age of eighteen volunteered for Officership.

The Territorial Commander—Lt. Commissioner McMillan, formerly Chief Secretary of this Territory—led the Councils at Peoria, Ill., when sixty young people surrendered.

Upon the shoulders of the Staff-Captain falls the responsibilities of Candidates' Secretary, and perhaps the note of pride in his voice is pardonable when he speaks of eighty-five Cadets being in a District Session and yet to be averted, this is one of the smallest sessions for years.

The Staff-Captain radiates optimism for the future, and we have every reason to believe that his optimism is not misplaced.

THE EMPTY CHAIR

THE GENERAL'S Compassionate Concern for "Our Failures"—God and The Army await their Return

THE homeward flow of the City's human tide had attained its maximum when, on Friday evening, the General felt at liberty to admit the "Our Failures." Even then various Officers and Secretaries were claiming "last minutes" of his attention, whilst outside was a converging bustle of closing mails and hurrying feet. But the arresting figure was the General himself—imperturbably bent on every phase of the business brought before him, and having been at work since 10 a.m. of this same day—after leading the All-Night of Prayer at Midway! And protestation, however well intended, was smothered when the first mention of that notable event brought from the General the enthusiastic verdict:

Hunger for Spiritual Things

"It was an uplifting meeting! Over fifteen hundred people from different sections of Army life—varying types but marvelously one in hunger for spiritual things and zeal for the Salvation of the people. The singing was wonderful; the joy of these comrades in itself a benediction. The definiteness and compassion manifested in the audible prayer by all ranks were like a gleam of light upon the darkness of sin-stricken lives for whom we cried to God hour after hour. Some Officers and Soldiers who were not able to be present owing to sickness or other reasons, yet spent the night with us many in distant places, pleading and wrestling with God; otherwise it was a London gathering that will, I hope, give a lead for the Siege Campaign of very considerable importance."

In his last interview, the General had concluded the conversation by quoting a few peculiarly haunting lines containing the phrase, "... no wanderers lost." This suggested a question as to whether he might not wish to say something further having particular reference to the object and opportunity of the Siege in respect to this large and sad-hearted class of people.

"Well, I have been asked," replied the General, "whether I cannot give some word especially for the help of the deserters from our ranks. The wanderers from God always appear to me to present a peculiar and accompanying to His work. It has ever been so. From the days of Noah, of Abraham, and of Moses, the people who turned away from Jehovah have constituted a problem associated with mystery, with heart-break, and also with the most moving pity and compassion of God Himself. Are there any more pathetic utterances in the Bible than those of the Prophet when he says: 'Oh, that my head were waters, and mine eye a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for my people!'—the daughter of my people!"

Blots on Our Horizon

"And The Army is confronted with the same baffling problem?"

"Yes" (sadly) "it is no use disguising the fact that these are our failures—they are the blots on our horizon. They are like the dead trees in the wood, and not all the vitality and beauty which surround them can save them alive. There is no doubt also that from the beginning backsliders have been an object of high indignation to the God whom they have forsaken. In the very same passage from which I have just quoted there is the strikingly solemn statement:

And the Lord saith, Because they have forsaken My law which

I set before them, and have not obeyed My voice, neither walked therein;

But have walked after the imagination of their own heart, and after Baalim, which their fathers taught them:

Therefore thus saith the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel: Behold, I will feed them, even this people, with wormwood, and give them water of gall to drink.

"This is the Lord's anger kindled against the deserters, and it is terrible! And to-day it is with The Army's work as with all living, energetic enterprises which come

the lips of those who have left their Master. The very explanations they give me—the sad, sad excuses they make for their unfaithfulness—the pitiful and often agonized regrets and reproaches which they heap upon themselves or upon others—all indicate how dreadful is their suffering. I see how in the ordinary affairs of life, and even amidst the sweetest associations which are still sweeter to them, they feed upon wormwood and have water of gall to drink."

"Then there is no real alleviation for the lot of the God-forsaker?"

"None! That is the fact—no

silencing the heavenly voices and stifling the longings for better days.

"Something else I have noticed—how often these wanderers decline in the very fibre of their being! Character weakens, evil appetites and passions which they once despised grow stronger and assume control of the whole man. More and more sin gets the mastery, increases its domination, binds them to some particular form of evil which becomes the bane of their existence both for time and eternity. The very fact of these disappointments in their lives still further depresses them; they go down before the waves; they give up; they say, 'It is no good!' Presently they feel they have sinned against the light and henceforth there is nothing to look forward to but condemnation."

"We Must Help Them"

It could be felt that the General himself suffered as he spoke that he was lost in the melancholy fate of those whose career he was depicting. He roused himself to exclaim: "We must help them! And one of the first steps we have to take is to penetrate this hard shell of despair and plant a little gleam of hope in their breasts. I have often succeeded in doing this by telling these wanderers of others who have been restored to lives of Holiness and fruitfulness."

"From what you say, General, the question of the right tactics is an important one?"

"It is important, but in dealing with all wanderers the first great need is to impress upon them, as I have said, how God feels about them. They have grieved, and wounded, and bereaved Him, but He wants them back! I have often used in this connection an incident of my boyhood's days. I was visiting a little village on the Tees, and, going into tea at my billet, I noticed an empty chair at the table. On returning after the meeting at night, the chair was again there, and upon inquiring of my host what it meant, I was told:

"Mr. Bramwell, you know our name?—it is not a common one. Perhaps in your travels you may some day meet with some one of that name, and it will very likely be our prodigal boy. Will you tell him you stayed here one evening, and noticed an empty chair at the table, and that we told you it was his chair?"

A Place For All

"The idea that God has a place which only a particular man or woman can fill, and that The Army has a place ever ready to receive that man or woman, has a singularly moving effect on many hearts—I have found it to be so!

"Another word! We must not forget that every one of these wandering souls cost the most precious Blood of the Son of God as truly as did ours. They are bought with a price. They are not their own! Though Love has lost them, they are still loved. Is not this a glorious encouragement to us to seek them and beseech them to come home? Oh, shall we not try, in these days of God's special visitation and power, not only by our personal efforts but by our pleadings with the Almighty, to rescue and bring back to the Heavenly Father's family these self-outcast sons and daughters? Tell them that, black as things are, no wanderer need be damned; that—though it prolongs its precious light

Mercy is found and hope is given.

H. L. TAYLOR,
Lt.-Colonel.



The above striking cartoon appeared on the front page of the first Siege Number of the British WAR CRY

under the Grace of God—there are these disappointments and failures: those in whom good has been overcome of evil—who have fallen before the biting blasts of trial or the fiery assaults of the Devil.

"I see little practical value in saying that this thing ought not to have happened—that these lost ones ought to have been able to stand the storm. It is quite evident that the Lord Jesus Christ and His immediate Apostles had experiences of this kind of calamity. There is nothing more moving in the whole story of the life and death of Jesus than the loneliness which He had to endure because those whom He had helped and blessed forsook Him and fled.

Wounded and Forsaken

"Something very similar to this goes on to-day. Again and again our Saviour is wounded in the house of His friends; He is still forsaken. In my own travels up and down the world nothing touches me more intimately than the various phases of backsliding about which I hear from

chance in outward or material circumstances can make up for the loss of God. And this fills me with sorrow on their behalf. Some I know who are poor and desolate, others who are rich and prosperous; but they all tell the same story, they all have the same kind of sigh, and shed the same kind of tear, and look back with that intense longing which no one who has even seen it can mistake.

Still Hear His Voice

"I believe that many wanderers from God have still quite remarkable experiences of spiritual things. They still hear His voice; they still know something of the influences of the Holy Spirit; they still get flashes from the life and example and tenderness of a dying Saviour. But instead of these things bringing them the help or giving them consolation in the dreary round of a life without hope, they but add to their condemnation, increase their remorse, and send them, alas! to the empty vanities of the world to find some means of



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be addressed to the Editor.

GENERAL ORDER

The Commissioner has decided
that Sunday, December 11th,
shall be observed as the Young
People's Annual.

OFFICIAL GAZETTE

(By Authority of the General)

Appointments:

(Subscriber's Department)
Commandant H. Hurd, from Lon-
don to Hamilton.
Commandant W. Richardson, from
Hamilton to Halifax.
Adjutant P. Forbes, from Halifax
to London.

WILLIAM MAXWELL,
Lieut.-Commissioner.

GREETINGS FROM

COMRADES IN BRITAIN

Cadets at International Training
Garrison Remember This Terri-
tory in Prayer

The following letter has been re-
ceived by the Commissioner from
Cadet Mark C. Roberts, now in the
International Training Garrison,
London, England. The Cadet writes
as follows:

"Having been deputed by our
Training Principal, Commissioner
Jeffries, to act on behalf
of the Training Garrison Staff
and Cadets of the 'Victors' Session
now at the International Training
Garrison, I send you their greetings.
"Our subject for prayer this week
is Canada and Newfoundland, and we
are naturally very interested in you
and your Territory—Canada East."

"In a Command of such extent, and
with such varied communities as
yours, we realize there will be diffi-
culties and circumstances which we
cannot understand. But we feel sure
that with God's guidance and grace
you will be able to lead the
Army to greater victories than those
of the past—glorious as they have
been."

"Therefore we remember before
the Throne of Grace the Officers
laboring in many obscure places
amongst bands of devoted followers
with loneliness and hardship as their
lot, along with those in the larger
towns and cities, and pray that God
will manifest His power amongst
them in the Salvation of many souls."

"Nor do we forget the Social
Institutions and other branches of
our Work in that land."

"We pray that there may be a
mighty outpouring of the Holy
Spirit's power upon all, and particu-
larly on the Staff Officers entrusted
with the direction of the operations
in various parts; that there may be
a great advance of the Kingdom of
God and a shattering of the forces
of sin in Canada."

WHILE LONDON SLEPT

A VIVID DESCRIPTION OF ALL-NIGHT OF PRAYER GATHER-
INGS, HELD IN VARIOUS PARTS OF LONDON, TO MARK THE
COMMENCEMENT OF THE GREAT SALVATION SIEGE IN
THE OLD COUNTRY

THE streets of the greatest city
in the world are shrouded in
night's quietude, for London is
asleep. But stay a moment—there
comes a patch of brilliant light—
coming through an open door beyond
a pillared entrance porch—and surely
it is the sound of singing that we
hear!

"Thou art coming to a King.
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such.
None can ever ask too much."

And as we enter the Congress Hall
our hearts are stirred by the depth
of desire that is carried up to the
Throne of God on the waves of song.
The All-Night of Prayer, conducted
by Mrs. Booth, has commenced.

Yearning For God

As early as ten o'clock, an hour
before the meeting was announced
to begin, numbers of people were to
be seen making their way to the Hall,
and it is a truly representative con-
gregation which now faces Mrs.
Booth as she steps to the rail. Here
is Commissioner Ridsdel, with a
record of over fifty years' service as
an Officer. He has been comparing
this meeting with a meeting of a
similar character conducted by the
Founder in the Whitechapel Hall
over fifty years ago, when some
mischievous spirit introduced a large
quantity of cayenne pepper into the
atmosphere, and prayers were pun-
ctuated by sneezes! There sits a
laddie in his early teens whose Sal-
vation service is only a few weeks,
but his face is alight with expecta-
tion and desire. All who are here
—Officers, Cadets, Locals, Soldiers
—to participate in this first en-
gagement of the Great Salvation
Siege, have come with hearts yearn-
ing for the touch of God.

Mrs. Booth, who was supported by
Commissioner and Mrs. Mapp, Com-
missioner Case, Colonel and Mrs.
Barr, Colonel Pugmire and other
leading Officers, in speaking, said:
"As I was on my way to this
gathering to-night, I was wondering
what it was that made the phrase
—All-Night of Prayer—so precious
to my own heart—and then I re-
membered that Jesus departed into
a mountain alone and continued in
prayer all night."

Commissioner Mapp read a mes-
sage sent by the General to this
gathering from the train on his way

to conduct an All-Night of Prayer at
Glasgow. While there was plenty of
soulful singing, and addresses of ex-
hortation and appeal were given,
prayer predominated in the meeting,
and there was a liberty of expres-
sion and a passion of desire that in
themselves witnessed to the presence
of the Spirit of Christ. We feel we
would like to remain to the finish
but we have to visit other centres."

Let us away once again through
the silent streets. Here a little
group of men disperse, and the men
fade into the shadows as two police-
men step round the corner and, with
measured tread, come down the
street. In a yonder doorway there is
a movement, as some wretched wan-
derer gathers his rags closer to him,
and tries to huddle even deeper into
the shelter of the darkest corner.
On we go through the streets of
London's West End, past Hyde Park,
where the gaunt trees are lifting
their dark arms against the sky,
on until we hear a voice pleading for
the full surrender of those who are
not in harmony with God's Will, and
we find ourselves in the Hammer-
smith Hall in the midst of a Prayer
battle, with Commissioner Jeffries in
command. One by one decisions are
reached, prayers of confession mingle
with those of entreaty and thanks-
giving, and we slip away from the
Hall with the sounds of rejoicing
ringing in our ears.

Stream of Seekers

London is stirring to the life and
toil of a new day as we enter the
Camberwell Hall. It is now the final
hour of the All-Night of Prayer.
Surely there will be some evidence
of the long hours that have passed.
Perhaps the prayers will not be
touched with the desperate faith and
passionate yearning of earlier hours.
But no! The singing is as clear as
when the first verse rang out six
hours ago; the prayers are as
intensely earnest, the appeals as
moving. We have come to the last
ten minutes of a memorable night
when Commissioner Blowers, the
leader of the meeting, steps forward
and invites any who feel that they
must not let this opportunity of sur-
rendering to the will of God slip by,
to swell the stream of seekers that
has flowed towards the mercy-seat
throughout the whole night. A mo-
ment of tense silence follows. Heads

(Continued on page 12)

Windsor Young People

GATHER FOR COUNCILS
UNDER THE LEADERSHIP OF
THE CHIEF SECRETARY—
—FORTY-SIX SEEKERS

THE announcement of a Young
People's Day for the Windsor
Division was hailed with delight
by those Young People who were
fortunate enough to be eligible to
attend. Interest was the keener and
expectancy more intense because
such a treat had not been theirs for
several years. Added to this was
the very welcome news that the
Councils would be under the lead-
ership of the Chief Secretary.

The week-end commenced with a
United Young People's Demonstra-
tion, with Colonel Henry in the
chair and the presence of Mrs. Henry
and Colonel Adby, the evening
promised to be interesting indeed,
and the close of the program found
our expectations abundantly realized.

Colorful Pageant

Windsor I Corps Cadets led off
with a very sweet rendering of
"Jesus! I Love Thy Charming Name."
This was followed by a colorful
pageant by the Walkerville Guards,
entitled, "Guard of the World," de-
picting the many lands in which the
Church Organization is meeting the
needs of the young. Leamington
furnished the next item, an instru-
mental quartette, after which came
a song by the Windsor III Guards.
Windsor I and III were represented
by a recitation and piano-forte solo.

Perhaps the chief item on the pro-
gram was a stirring pageant by the
Chatham Young People called "Nas-
man's Little Maid."

Two hundred and fifty Young
People gathered for the Councils on
Sunday. The Chaplain, Mr. Bailey, of
Grace Hospital, prayed God's bless-
ing upon the meeting, and after the
reading of the Word of God, Colonel
Henry welcomed the delegates. He
then suggested the sending of an ex-
pression of sympathy and goodwill to
Major Bristow who was lying ill in
the hospital.

On concluding, the Colonel, in a very
striking manner, gave his hearers a
brief outline of the tremendous
strides The Army is making round
the world.

Mrs. Henry spoke simply and
beautifully, exhorting the Young
People to stand up to war, to resist
the dangers of looking to them-
selves or others and urging them to
think of Him as the manifested love
of God.

Arousing Worthy Desires

The Colonel gave a most impres-
sional address, arousing in his hear-
ers desires to achieve something
worthy for the Kingdom.

The afternoon session was bright
and varied. Various Officers, young
in Salvation Army warfare, were
called upon to give some of their
experiences and their testimony to
the grace of God, the speakers in-
cluding Captain L. Gage, Captain G.
Bloss, Lieutenant R. Spiffelt, and a
more seasoned warrior in the person
of Ensign Morrison. Lieutenant E.
McIntyre sang very sweetly.

The Colonel's address was again a
real treat, and many gained a
clearer understanding of the Devil's
tactics and his never ceasing effort
to wreck the lives of young people.

The evening session was com-
menced in faith and expectancy.
Colonel Adby, who had so ably
piloted the singing during the day,
now gave his message to the gather-
ing. He very forcefully showed the
young People that no one could ob-
tain grace sufficient for another.
They must get it from God for them-
selves.

A holy hush pervaded the auditor-
ium as the Chief Secretary, after a
burning exhortation to godliness,
drew in the net and called for volun-
teers. A young man led the way for
forty-five others.

The Commissioner's Appointments

PARLIAMENT STREET

(United Holiness Meeting)

Friday, Dec. 2

HAMILTON V

HAMILTON II (morning)

HAMILTON III (afternoon)

HAMILTON IV (night)

MASSEY HALL, Toronto (night)

LONDON

(Young People's Councils)

HAMILTON

(Young People's Councils)

MONTREAL I

(Anniversary Services)

HALIFAX I

(Young People's Councils)

HALIFAX I

(Day of Salvation)

TORONTO EAST

(Young People's Councils)

TORONTO WEST

(Young People's Councils)

Saturday, Dec. 3

Sunday, Dec. 4

Sunday, Dec. 4

Sunday, Dec. 4

Sunday, Dec. 11

Sunday, Jan. 15

Sunday, Jan. 22

Sat.-Mon. Jan. 28-30

Saturday, Feb. 4

Sunday, Feb. 5

Sunday, Feb. 12

Sunday, Feb. 19

Mrs. Lieut.-Commissioner Maxwell

HAMILTON I

(Home League Sale of Work) Tuesday, Dec. 6

EARLS COURT

(Home League Sale of Work) Thursday, Dec. 8

TORONTO TEMPLE

(Gradle Roll Christmas Tree) Thursday, Dec. 15

EARLS COURT

Saturday, Dec. 17

TERRITORIAL COMMANDER

Pays Flying Visit to Winnipeg
and Conducts Meetings at
Sudbury and North Bay

DURING the past week the Commissioner has paid a visit to Winnipeg. Though it was an unofficial visit and he undertook no meetings of a public character, yet he found time to speak to the Cadets at the Training Garrison and to visit the resting place of Mrs. Colonel Taylor in Elmwood Cemetery.

Whilst journeying westward, a gentleman accosted him in the train one morning whilst he was busy with some correspondence. Seeing that he wanted to talk, the Commissioner took out his papers and entered into conversation with him. After a while the fact came out that this gentleman was carrying a heavy load of care, and the Commissioner was able to speak words of cheer and hope to him about Christ, our great Burden-bearer.

On his return journey to the Hub, the Commissioner stopped off at Sudbury to conduct a Sunday's meetings. Colonel Taylor and Major Cameron had arrived in the town on Saturday, and at the meetings they conducted one seeker came forward. On Sunday it snowed all day, but blessed gatherings were held in The Army Hall. The Holiness meeting was a hallowed season. In the afternoon the Commissioner lectured on "The Army's aims for a Divisional and at night, after a searching Salvation address by our Leader, four seekers knelt at the mercy-seat. Captain and Mrs. Jolly are putting up a brave fight at this northern Corps.

On Monday, North Bay was visited and the day spent in Divisional inspection. At night a good crowd gathered in the Citadel to hear the Commissioner. Prayer was offered by Mrs. Commandant Poole and Major Cameron. The Commissioner's messages, both in song and from the Word of God, were of much blessing and inspiration to all.

Our Leader conducted a Half Night of Prayer in the Toronto Temple on Tuesday, and left the centre again early on Thursday morning for Sarnia, and thence to London, St. Thomas and Ingersoll.

United Holiness Meetings

Windsor

The Chief Secretary, assisted by Mrs. Henry, conducted the United Holiness meeting at Windsor on Friday, November 18th. A warm welcome was accorded the Colonel and his wife, and their visit brought blessing to many. The need for complete cleansing was presented by means of song and address and one seeker came forward for Sanctification. Mrs. Henry was presented to a Windsor audience for the first time and gave a very clear and definite talk on Holiness.

The Colonel's address was inspirational and thought-provoking, and undoubtedly proved of great encouragement to his hearers.

Toronto East

The first of the Toronto East United Holiness meetings was held at Parliament Street Corps on Friday last. Colonel and Mrs. Saunders, of the Training Garrison, being in charge. Staff-Captain Ritchie referred to the regrettable absence of the Divisional Commander on account of illness, and prayed God's blessing on him and on Mrs. Bloss.

The singing of old Army songs and hymns, and Holiness testimonies by Officers, Locals and Soldiers, characterized the meeting.

The Colonel's theme, taken from the book of Amos, showed the futility of two attempting to walk together except they be agreed. With illustration the Colonel showed how this was true in family, busi-

HALF-NIGHT OF PRAYER

THE COMMISSIONER

Leads Blessed Season of
Intercession in the Toronto

Temple—Six Hundred People Plead With God for an Outpouring
of the Spirit—Glorious Scenes of Surrender at the Mercy-Seat

A SEASON of refreshing, inspiration, uplift and encouragement, a time when God instilled faith and courage into the hearts of His people and baptized them afresh with the Holy Ghost. Such was the Half-Night of Prayer conducted by the Commissioner in the Toronto Temple on Tuesday, November 22nd, when over six hundred Salvationists and others gathered to wait upon the Lord and to present their petitions to Him for specific objects. They gathered in a spirit of expectancy, and their longings might well be expressed in the first lines of a well-known Army song with which the meeting opened: "Spirit of faith come down, Reveal the things of God."

It was a night when God's people ascended the hill of the Lord, there to commune with Him and to gain strength and vision to go back to the ordinary occupations of life.

"We believe in prayer," stated the Commissioner, "we believe in the necessity of prayer. We believe that God answers prayer."

A letter he held in his hand, he went on to say, was one more instance of the blessed fact that God hears and answers prayer.

At the last Half-Night of Prayer he conducted a man had requested that special prayer be offered for a wandering wife and mother that she be restored to her family.

Recently he has written to the Commissioner to say that prayer for this woman's behalf has been partly answered for she has signified that she wants to return home. Her three children are looking forward to her being home for Christmas, and they will think that is the best present they can receive.

There was not much speaking in this special gathering, the time was mostly devoted to prayer, interspersed with the singing of songs and choruses.

What fervent petitions ascended to the Throne of Grace during that hallowed season! Veteran Officers, Locals and Soldiers poured out their hearts to God for their own needs and for others, and younger comrades took part just as enthusiastically, two persons often praying aloud simultaneously while all over the building rose the hum of hearty responses and now and then a loud "Hallelujah."

"Precious souls are dying, Nerve me for the fight."

QUICK SERVICE

The Salvation Army's Investigation Department has many successes to its credit, by which lost relatives and friends have been restored to those anxious about them, but it is doubtful if it ever scored a victory in a briefer fashion than occurred recently in a Canadian town.

An Army Officer was recently selling WAR CRYs from door to door; a lady bought a CRY and invited the Officer in. When he was seated she said, "I hear that The Army sometimes finds missing people, and I have been wondering if they could locate a friend of mine of

ness, and spiritual life, and urged his hearers to be in agreement with the Master, as it is impossible to walk with God unless we do His will, seek His face and cultivate His friendship.

The Colonel was ably assisted by Mrs. Saunders, The Danforth Band and Songsters also gave splendid help.

Montreal

The second meeting of the series was held in the Point St. Charles

How the old song roused Salvation warriors to intercede for the Salvation of sinners; what confessions of lukewarmness and neglect of duty were made; what supplications ascended for pardon and a reviving of the old-time zeal and love!

"Touch our lips with a live coal from off Thy Altar," prayed a veteran Officer; "touch our hearts with that Divine compassion which will compel us to go out and have others. Let the baptism early days of The Army upon us and make us channels of blessing."

The final half-hour of this meeting was a united heart-cry from the congregation for the descent of the Spirit.

Very clearly the Commissioner outlined the conditions of receiving this wonderful gift: first repentance, then cleansing, then surrender and consecration. In fiery language, he stirred the imaginations and hearts of his hearers by relating what had happened in the early days of The Army when simple and ordinary men and women were revolutionized by the baptism of the Spirit and went up and down the country like blazing fires turning people to righteousness.

"Oh, come upon us," he prayed, "quicken us and make us a fire for Thee. We want Thee to be glorified and we want sinners to be saved."

Earnestly he then pleaded with any in the meeting who felt constrained to seek the Spirit's baptism as the only aid and succour and make a complete surrender to Him.

The immediate response called forth volleys of "Hallelujahs." Two young women rushed forward to the mercy-seat and threw themselves down as if glad that their contrivances had been ended. Others followed quickly; they needed no pressing or persuading; the Holy Ghost was working mightily and conviction was strong upon those who had lost their first love or who had quenched the Spirit. Humbly they knelt at the penitent-form, confessing with tears their failure as Christians, their backslidings, and finding a Father's loving welcome, complete cleansing and power for service. Sixteen in all came forward ere the meeting closed, amid general rejoicing and blessings received and victories won. It was a glorious triumph.

Supporting the Commissioner were Mrs. Maxwell, Colonel Henry, the Chief Secretary, and the Territorial Headquarters Staff.

When I have completely lost track," said the Captain; "Will you give me her name and a description, and tell me where you last heard of her?"

"Her name is Mrs. —" and here followed details which would make it very easy to identify the lady. Barely she could get any further the Captain broke in, "I can tell you where to find her; she used to attend my meeting at F—; here is her address," and he forthwith handed it to her.

When she recovered her breath the lady should in her praises of "The Army of the Helping Hand," which could thus solve a problem of years' standing in a moment.

Hill, and though it was a very wet night, a splendid crowd gathered, and the meeting was full of the presence of God. Adjutant Sanford gave the address.

On Friday, November 18th, the meeting-place was the French Corps Hall which was packed. Ensign Rawlins gave the address. There were testimonies in English and French. One woman knelt at the mercy-seat, and the meeting closed on a high note of faith and expectation.—"Nemo."

THE CHIEF SECRETARY

Conducts Meetings at Kingston
and Belleville

FOLLOWING his Quebec campaigns, reported in our last issue, the Chief Secretary, with Mrs. Colonel Henry, made calls at Kingston and Belleville, conducting meetings at each place.

Kingston was visited on Wednesday, November 9th, this being Colonel and Mrs. Henry's first visit to the city.

The Colonel delivered a stirring lecture here, Dr. Ross, M.P., a warm friend of The Army, presiding. The audience listened with great interest to the Colonel and demonstrated the utmost appreciation. Brigadier Macdonald, the Divisional Commander, accompanied.

The following evening was spent at Belleville where, despite the inclement weather, a good crowd gathered and showed great delight at the presence of the visitors. The Soldier was out in full force, and the Band's playing drew words of appreciation from the Colonel. Mrs. Henry's words, "The Salvation of God" were of a very impressive character, and the Colonel followed her message with a striking address which riveted the attention of his hearers. Much conviction resulted, and two seekers came to the Cross.

"BY GOD'S HELP I AM GOING STRAIGHT"

Says Heart-broken Man at Meeting Conducted by Colonel Wm. Morehen at Guelph Reformatory

Colonel Morehen spent a gracious period at the Guelph Reformatory on Sunday, November 20th. A large crowd of men attended and the attention given was splendid. One item, which brought a wonderful spirit into the meeting, was a guitar and piano duet, by two inmates. The guitarist, who is a skilled player on this beautiful instrument, struck up the grand old tune: "Alvino is my wandering boy to-night!" From that he passed to another sweet, old tune, "For you I am praying." Those hundreds of men were visibly affected, especially when the Colonel had a word about "Mother," saying that the first tune played by the duettists was his old mother's favorite song. Thirteen men stood to their feet signifying their acceptance of Christ. A heart-broken man came to Envy Dawson at the conclusion of the meeting and said how greatly he had been impressed by the meeting, especially by the reference to "Mother." Then he broke down and said, "I have not done right by my mother, but by God's help I am going 'straight!'"

FIELD SECRETARY AT PARRY SOUND

Old Memories Lead to
Wanderer's Conversion

The Field Secretary recently visited Parry Sound, accompanied by Major Cameron, and conducted a week-night meeting. In the meeting, a man, under the influence of liquor, rose and spoke of having known Colonel Taylor in the West. At the conclusion of the meeting the man gave his heart to God.

The Colonel was also privileged to be billeted at a house where an old Canadian pioneer, aged ninety-seven, lived. He is a fine type of Christian, and came to this country ninety years ago. Conversation with this aged trail-blazer was both instructive and blessed.

On a recent Sunday three seekers knelt at the Cross.



BAND AND BRIGADE CHAT

Shroebroke Band is commencing a Winter Series of monthly Musicals and has been given the responsibility for the Saturday night meetings. Mrs. Sobol Ball met the Band recently for a farewell talk before leaving for Australia. Her words on "Efficiency" will be remembered.

Two articles which have appeared in recent issues of the "Bandman and Songster" on the theme, "They ask for more," has prompted Bandmaster Wolno, of Hamilton, to say that the thought ever before his mind in choosing a selection for the Sunday night Open-air is to give out the Gospel message in music. Sometimes a less discerning Bandmaster inclined to be critical and think to himself, "What that old thing again?" forgetting for the moment that the message is the important thing.

The Wellington (N.Z.) Citadel Band Secretary, in sending us his periodical news bulletin, adds as a "thought for the month," "What kind of a Band would our Band be, if every Bandman was just like me?" Think it over!

Bandmaster Brooks, of 438 St. Clarence Avenue, Toronto, is anxious to secure an Eb Bass and a Moustier Bass.

The serenading season is almost upon us. Make your plans in good time. A well-planned effort has far more chance of a successful issue than the hitty-missy kind.

The Cadets had an "object lesson" night on Monday last, and enjoyed it to the full. The "object lesson" took the form of a Musical Festival, given by the Bandmaster and the Training Garrison Auditorium. It was "real Army" throughout. The interspersed testimonies of the Bandmen were a happy den. Lt.-Colonel Saunders, the Garrison Principal, was in charge of "class" and the lesson will undoubtedly prove of much profit to these embryo Officers.

A Band Secretary, who is employed in a bank, had a gratifying experience some little time ago. The burgling thief was undergoing extensive repairs, and the caretaker had become friendly with the men conducting operations. One man particularly impressed him. "There is something different about that chap," he would say. "Seems somehow more willing to help and more polite." One morning the caretaker approached, broad smiles chasing each other across his genial countenance. "I've found out, you know, the burgler's secret," he said. "He belongs to one of your Bands!—plays the drum in one of your Bands! No wonder I like him!"

Our Musical Fraternity



THE BAND RESERVE

A VETERAN SAYS IT CAN EITHER BE "A DUSTY SHELF OR A PLACE OF HONOR"

THERE seems to be a little controversy among some of my friends as to the merits and demerits of the Band Reserve. One of our younger celebrities has voiced his opinion on the matter and, as presenting the other side of the case, I have been asked to give mine. The young Bandmaster's argument is without doubt a good one. Whether we like to admit it or no, the veterans of The Army have certainly a hard task in keeping abreast of our younger comrades, who ought to be ahead of us. While we were ploughing virgin soil, they were growing up into the full realization of advantages wrested once by one from stern opposition and unwilling opportunities. I had to fumble out the C scale under a leader who had only learnt it a day before I had. My eyes are reading French and working at dominant and diminished scales as a result of education it has been

pleasure! The spirit is still willing, but rheumatics is a pesky thing!

On the other hand, I would remind all my veteran comrades that the Band Reserve doesn't mean removal of responsibility. These big, strong boys of ours need careful watching. Youth is still apt to be impetuous, impressionable, and at times very despondent. We must stand behind them with a word of encouragement or warning, helping them to be as faithful as we have been. And above all else we must encourage them to become Salvation Army Officers.

You say they resent old folks' interference! So they do when the old folks forget that they were once young and had hot hearts and often hot heads! We are very often apt to overlook the fact that we ourselves resented the misunderstanding of our elders when we were young, but just as we appreciated the sympathy of the few who seemed to

OUR HERITAGE OF SONG

By a Canada East Songster-Leader

It has been said that Songsters do not take their work as seriously as Bandsmen. What a pity if this is so! Our beloved Army has been credited with having sung itself around the world. We who belong to the present day fighting force, and more particularly we who hold commissions as Songsters, should see to it that the glorious heritage of our singing Army is cherished.

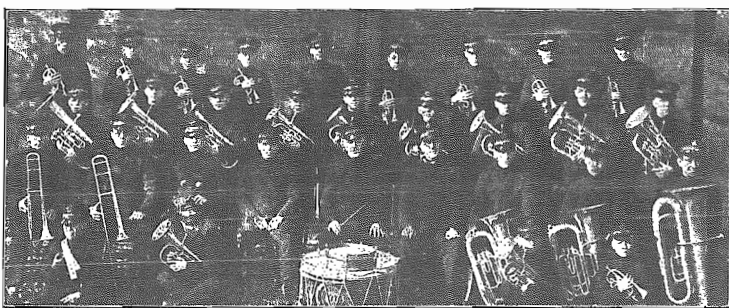
In recent years great and notable advances have been recorded in the realm of music within our ranks, and it would appear, in some circles at least, that the instrumental side has been the subject of much intensive training and development, somewhat to the neglect, we fear, of the vocal.

If we should like? By all means let us have the very best instrumental music possible. The service of God is worthy of it, yea, demands it. But the divine gift of song should not be neglected; rather should it be regarded as the highest form of musical expression, and cultivated as such.

What power there has been in Army singing in days gone by! Have not we all been stirred by the recital of testimonies to the awakening of conscience, and the touching of long silent chords by the singing of an Army song? Oh, the power of sanctified song!

Then, Songsters, ought we not to cherish our goodly heritage of song? Ought we not, by our individual interest and collective endeavors to enhance the prestige and capacities of our Brigades? Ought we not to put our best efforts into all our work as Songsters?

If we do, more souls shall be reached and blessed through our greater and better efforts, and we ourselves shall receive more joy in and through our service.—Sentio.



Dovercourt Young People's Band, an active and progressive combination, under Band Leader Jack Robbins

my joy to give him. If he couldn't play better than I can, bitter disappointment, not pleasure, would fill my heart.

It seems to me the duty of us veterans to step out of the way of progress if two of our leaders have with it; or rather, it would seem a duty, if to stand aside were not a

understand us, so will the boys of to-day respect the man who tries to see things without an old-age bias coloring everything.

It is no use our trying to advise youngsters how to play or how to march. They could teach us. But on those more important questions, which cannot be answered by the study of the text-books, we of the Band Reserve can, if we wish, become the authorities with voices that are heard with respect and profit.

The Band Reserve is like a rainy day—it is what you make of it. It can either be a dusty shelf lumbered up with "has beens," or a place of honor from which we can look down upon the younger generation with comfort and joy to ourselves and profit to them.

WINTER SERIES OF FESTIVALS

Inaugurated at Montreal Citadel

A series of Winter Musical Festivals has been inaugurated. These are to be the first of the series took place last Thursday evening. On account of inclement weather, the congregation was somewhat depleted, but that did not prevent the participants giving of their best.

Brigadier Byers fully filled the chair. During the evening a tribute was paid to the fallen war heroes, the audience standing whilst the Band played the "Departed Heroes" march. The vocal items by the Songsters were carefully rendered, and the Band items, especially those from the Festival Series, given in an admirable manner. Individual numbers were most enjoyable.

BANDMASTERS: ATTENTION!

A correspondent sends an interesting note with reference to the passing round of Journal numbers in the Open-air. He suggests that Bandmasters themselves could greatly assist in the prevention of confusion by choosing right moments for the giving out of numbers.

There is undoubtedly a time for everything and the observance of a simple system by the Bandmaster would in many cases eliminate much unnecessary distraction in the ring. It often happens that a Bandmaster steps into the ring to give his testimony to the people attracted by the playing of the Band. The crowd listens with great attention and the speaker tells out the glorious Gospel of liberty and light, when suddenly a commotion takes place amongst his own comrades right round the ring. A moment ago they were listening to him. What has happened? A new Journal number has been passed round, at the wrong moment, and the speaker in the ring finds his efforts hampered by this little lack of thought. Let us watch this.

BUILDING FOR TO-MORROW

Dovercourt's Promising Young People's Band

DOVERCOURT'S aggressive Junior Combination, mention of whose activities at the Home Corps and abroad appears from time to time in our periodicals, is deservedly popular. Whether it be at some small Corps where the appreciation of the few makes up for the lack of numbers, or during a special week-end "away" when they occupy a prominent place in the proceedings, these young music-makers give their best, and their best is highly acceptable to any audience.

At the Home Corps they add instinctively to an already virile Young People's fighting force; the Company Meeting is made distinctly more valuable and attractive by their presence and effort, as are also the imposing Young People's Open-air on Sunday evenings, which, we feel sure, are far-reaching in influence.

In addition to their musical accomplishments the boys have other distinctions. For instance, the personnel

includes no fewer than eight fine-type Corps Cadets, every one of whom received Honor Awards for the last course of lessons! Excellent work that! Two of them have expressed a desire to become Officers in The Army, and, with their Band-comrades, they can witness for Christ, or offer prayer readily.

Among the Band's many engagements in and around the Queen City can be numbered several rare performances, which, from comments received, were highly pleasurable.

Band-Leader Jack Robbins, who originally hailed from Northampton 1, has the complete confidence of the boys, which perhaps, in a word, explains the Band's success. He is untiring in his labors, and during his term as Band-Leader has prepared six of his charges for transfer to the Senior Combination. He has also recently brought his youths out in uniforms of a becoming design. My continued success follow the Band-Leader and his busy and popular Band.—C.M.

AFTER MANY DAYS

THE STORY OF PREACHER MOORE'S SON

by ENSIGN VINCENT CUNNINGHAM



The wheel got all of Sam's earnings one Saturday night

CHAPTER XII

WITHIN three months after his triumphant exit from Wesley, Bill Moore was again in "business," this time in Hubbard, a small county seat community, about one hundred miles from San Francisco, and almost an equal distance from the coast. Inasmuch as the name of the place is not Hubbard, that will do as well as another, for it is still a bonny city, and the inmates thereof, at this date, feel distressed were the "judgment of history" thus turned upon them. Now its structures tower and culture is stamped upon it. Then it was but emerging from the chrysalis of the frontier.

To assemble a layout was the work of ten days and negotiation for lease of a good location took less than a week. Before the first month had rolled away, Moore's gambling joint was counted among things permanent in the place. From the start the gambler sought to establish a reputation for fair dealing, and the clientele increased in proportion to the reputation. Men in Hubbard said that "Bill Moore never robbed anyone." If a man lost heavily his warts were taken care of, but there were on record wherein families, rendered foodless through reckless gambling on the part of the breadwinner, had been cared for until another pay day came. One such was the Hartley's, and to Bill this was important.

Sam Hartley was a bookkeeper and his family was large. The wheel got all Sam's earnings one Saturday night, and Sunday the fare on the Hartley board was slim. Bill heard about it early Monday morning and brought two heaping baskets of food to the home before noon. He had not intended to advertise but the news got out. It was one of the things that made Hubbard tolerant, at least that section of the place that was not alive to the moral danger involved in the Moore establishment.

There was one section of the place, however, not so tolerant. Through the Hartley incident, the activities of Moore came to the attention of Captain Blake of the Hubbard Corps and she, probing the details of the transactions, learned of his ramifications and dealt with the gambler about them.

"I'd hardly call it charity," she answered in reply to his statement. "To rob a man and then return part of the pillage."

As a matter of fact I spent about twice what he lost," retorted Moore, "and I've told him to stop coming here. Of course, if he does come I won't throw him out, but my dealers

have been instructed not to encourage him to play. Hartley's not the only one in Hubbard that gets a chilly welcome at Moore's."

"But why must any of them be welcome?" she pleadingly inquired. "Why is your business necessary? Is there nothing else that you could do to make a living?"

"That's a matter of personal choice," he answered, "and I believe that God gives to every man the right of personal choice. You call it free will, I believe."

"That is right," and she was now in her element. "Personal choice is a God given right to man, but with it comes personal responsibility and there will be a day of Judgment when you must answer for the manner in which you have used the gift."

"Listen, Sister," the gambler sought to impress his accuser, "I heard that stuff all my life. My old daddy used to preach it all the time and I believe he had a genuine religious experience, but I haven't one. If I could believe the things you are trying to tell me, I'd have given up the game long ago. But you've got to show me and so far nobody has been able to do it."

"What do you mean by 'show me'?"

understand God and Christ and you'll get further with me than through any appeal to my faith."

"Well, you'll never understand Him then." She was sorrowful. "You'll never know Him until He is revealed to you in Judgment and then it will be too late. Intellect is not strong enough to carry you over. You must have the faith of a child, or of the thief who said, 'Remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom.'"

The conversation was only one of many that took place between the little Lassie and the gambler, and there grew up between them an armed friendship, in which the girl sought by every means within her power to direct the attention of the gambler to spiritual matters. She was not without success along this line either, although Moore did not let her know of it, but kept the inscrutable visage of the gambler throughout.

Their friendship was further cemented when Moore learned that her father had been a preacher in the same conference with his own Dad, and many were the times that money from the gambler and his friends found its way into The Army treasury. Aside from a low dive misnamed "The Variety Theatre,"



"I hardly think your congregation would appreciate my presence," Moore replied

"Why prove it, of course. You don't expect me to take your word for it, do you?"

"It's not up to me to prove it," she answered. "That is up to you. But instead of trying to prove the truths of Christianity, you deny them. You would put Jesus on trial, just as Herod did and expect Him to do some great miracle to create faith in your heart. No one who takes that attitude ever finds the Christ. He is found only by faith."

"I don't believe it," Moore said. "What did God give me a mind for if not to use it? Show me how to

Hubbard offered no entertainment for the public, and The Army Open-air meetings provided enjoyable song and music in the early evenings, with consequent large attendance. Moore was often in the crowd and sometimes went to the indoor meetings, apparently for entertainment, but actually for the spiritual food he was getting.

There was one interlude that almost upset the soul progress of the gambler. One morning's mail brought to him a letter from Rev. Simpkins, Pastor of the largest church in Hubbard, asking him to call at the

"I'm farewelling," she told him, and he heard the news with a sinking heart

minister's study on business. Moore debated the advisability of the visit for a time, fearing a frame-up, but, after due consideration, decided that there was nothing the reverend gentleman or his friends could do, and accepted the invitation.

"I wanted you to call," the minister explained, after they had exchanged greetings. "To tell you that I met a dear old lady when I was at Conference last month and she told me that her son William Moore was running a hotel in Hubbard, and asked me to look him up."

Moore found it hard to regain his composure in front of the minister. For years he had been deceiving the "dear old lady" by telling her he was engaged in the hotel business. No son was ever more solicitous about the physical welfare of his mother than Moore, but in all the years he had never allowed her to visit him, always forestalling plans in this direction by pressure of business, or by a visit to the old home. As age made the matter of travel more difficult, the problem became easier of solution.

"It's better that she should believe me to be in a respectable business," the gambler had to make a quick choice and decided against attempted deception. "I have always told her that I was in the hotel business."

"I thoroughly agree with you, Mr. Moore," responded the preacher, "but I do think you should do more for the church. I have heard that you frequently attend The Salvation Army meetings here, and while I do not disparage their efforts, it would seem to me that a man of intellect like yourself would find a greater measure of blessing in the service of the church. We are having wonderful times at my church right now, and I am sure that it would do you good to come."

"I don't think your congregation would appreciate my presence," Moore replied. "It's all right to talk about inviting the stranger, but as a rule they want the stranger to be something more than a gambler."

"They would not need to learn your identity. Most of the people do not inquire too closely as to what a man does on week days."

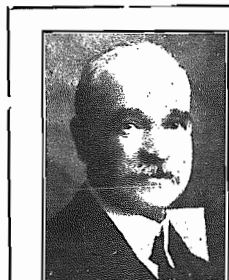
"But I am not ashamed of my business," and the gambler began to wax warm. "I make a living as good or better than yourself and most of your parishioners. Not that I want to brag about it, but I distribute considerable charity among the poor. Whatever I do is done openly and I see no difference between making a profit on those who come to my place and making a

(Continued on page 13)

ANOTHER VETERAN CALLED HOME

**BROTHER CHAS. FULLER,
RIVERDALE**

Another veteran warrior has gone to join the ranks of the Redeemed in the person of Brother Chas. Fuller. For days he lingered in a comatose state, and on Friday, October 28th, he slipped peacefully away to be "forever with the Lord." But Brother Fuller was ready—unquestionably so. The day he left the town of Malton, where, with his devoted



Brother Charles Fuller

Salvationist wife, he had resided for a day and a half years, a circle of his friends gathered at the station to wish him Godspeed. Among them were a minister and his wife. This good lady, when speaking to our departed comrade about his forthcoming operation, asked, "What if your heart should not stand the operation?" The reply came readily: "Well, madam, if my heart should prove too weak—it is clean, anyway." That was our comrade's last public testimony—his first was given over forty years ago.

Brother Fuller was in the full bloom of young manhood when the Lord put His Hand upon him. He was then a member of the Congregational Church, London, England. He continued as an active Church worker until thrown in contact with The Army. This was effected—surely Divinely so—by meeting a Cadet who was busily collecting for Self-Defense—Colonel's Adby.

Enrolled at the Nunhead, South London Corps, in 1895 by Captain "Dick" (now Colonel) Adby, he became an energetic worker in the ranks. As Young People's Sectional Sergeant-Major in London, he worked under Colonels Adby and Morehen. Later he served as Band-Sergeant at Lewisham Corps.

A useful period was spent by Brother Fuller as Manager of the Bookbinding Department at Clerkenwell, when Colonel Noble was in charge of the Department. It was whilst engaged in this work that he was privileged to bind the first Soldier's Guide, compiled by the Founder.

The funeral service of this veteran was conducted at Riverdale Citadel on Monday, October 31st, by his two First Captains—Colonels Adby and Noble, Major McElhinney assisting, and was an impressive occasion.

Major McElhinney conducted the Memorial service on Sunday night, November 13th. Among other speakers was Honorary Songster-Leader Fuller of Dunferm, a son of the promoted warrior, who represented the family in this hour of sorrow.

Deepest sympathy is tendered the bereaved wife and her Salvationist family, of whom there are two daughters—Songsters at Riverdale—in addition to the Honorary Songster-Leader.

Have you ordered your
copy of the Christmas WAR
CRY?

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DAY AT PETERBORO

**TRAINING GARRISON PRINCIPAL CONDUCTS THREE
UPLIFTING SESSIONS**

Twenty-Six Seekers at the Altar

GREY CLOUDS, a tang of frost, and snow flurries heralded the long-looked-for day, but smiling faces and buoyant youthful expectancy met for brightness in the Garrison Legion Hall where the meetings were held. A splendid crowd of young people were in attendance, including the Peterboro Y.P. Band, which accompanied the singing during the day. Comrades from Fenelon Falls, Colborne, Campbellton, Hamilton, and Lindsay helped to swell the numbers.

Adjutant Ellery read the Guide, commenting on the same, giving some fine seed thoughts that will long be remembered. Y.P.S.M. Braund, the faithful and efficient leader of Peterboro's excellent Y.P. forces, then spoke. The church and home are the most important things in a nation, he said, and urged all to love and respect both.

Lt-Colonel Saunders read a story from Numbers, of the man who was stoned to death for gathering sticks on the Sabbath. He showed that it was not the mere act, but the disobedience of a command that made sin so great, and explained that after this awful judgment, God's mercy was revealed in His command that the Children of Israel must wear a ribbon of blue round the head of their parents ever after, to remind them of God's commands.

In the afternoon Captain Mundy gave a personal word of testimony. Adjutant Ellery also spoke words of counsel, lifting up a high standard and urging all to come up to it. Two stories were told by Staff-Captain Ritchie concerning his boyhood, and illustrating well the text "Be sure your sin will find you out," were listened to with interest and profit.

The Colonel then gave a call for all who felt the urge to leave friends and home to follow the Master.

Twelve comrades deliberately made the decision to follow Him.

Over two hundred young people filled the Hall for the last meeting. Staff-Captain Spooner made an earnest appeal to the young people to choose the things of highest value.

The Colonel gave a heart-moving address. As the Prayer meeting progressed, young men and women could be seen kneeling at the mercy-seat, making wrongs right, starting afresh, surrendering fully, until twenty-six had entered into the higher life.

At the close, a wind-up was held at the Temple, the Peterboro Senior Band and Songsters having remained for the same.

During the day letters were read from two Cadets present at last year's Young People's Day, Cadets Williams and Brookeshire.

Much credit is due to Commandant and Mrs. Ham and all concerned for the splendid catering arrangements made.

A splendid Young People's Demonstration was given on Saturday night. The program was full of variety, all the items being well rendered. The fan song, by the Colborne Life-Saving Guards, in pretty colorful Japanese costumes, went well, also the Peterboro Guards' musical march. A selection by the Y.P. Band was greeted with gusto, and the Y.P. Singing Company did splendidly.

The final item was a tableau, representing the activities of the Y.P. Corps. Two Juniors brought in a scroll, which they unrolled, showing the words "God bless our Army." One felt God must indeed bless the efforts of those engaged in such a glorious work of helping to train and fit young lives to play the game of life well and fill out the fighting ranks of the dear old Army.—A.F.

TRIBUTES TO A VETERAN

Major White Conducts Memorial Service for "Dad" Liddle at Riverdale—Three Seekers

The last public tribute has been paid to our dear old comrade, "Dad" Liddle. No more will we be inspired by the sight of his glowing countenance and his stirring words of testimony, but time will only sweeten the fragrance of his memory, and as the song lined out by Major White assured us, we shall meet by the Throne of God.

Major White, in whose department our comrade worked for five years, spoke feelingly of his practical religion and his desire to exemplify the Master, Carpenter when at his bench, and tendered the sympathy of the Men's Social Department to the bereaved.

One by one comrades were eager to express their appreciation of the life lived by "Dad" Liddle. Lt-Colonel Attwell drew from his knowledge of thirty years, and his testimony to the stalwart qualities of our comrade stirred many veteran hearts as memory harked back to the early days at "Riverside" when the fighting was far from easy.

The words of Brother Forsey left no doubt in the minds of the listeners that a godly life leaves its imprint upon those it touches.

It happened that the representative of the Army and Navy Veterans, who brought the condolences of that body, was both a veteran of the Empire and a Soldier of the Cross. Brother Hammond spoke of the days in hospital and the anxiety of our comrade to be up and doing for his Master even though strength was nearly gone, and also told of "Dad's"

joy in the noon-day Prayer meeting, when he would bathe his soul in the fullness of his Father's Presence.

On this occasion the Corps was represented by Sergeant-Major Bradley, who followed Major White's words by saying that "Dad" was not only a "tireless worker," but was a "tireless Salvationist" always at his post—always ready to do his part—and eager to advance the Cause of his Master.

During the meeting the Songsters sang, and following the playing of "Promoted to Glory" by the Band, the partner of our comrade rose to her feet to pay her tribute. The sustaining Power of God was certainly evidenced as the dear old warrior spoke of her loved one, and the joyousness of his religious experience.

WHILE LONDON SLEPT

(Continued from page 8)

droop—conviction is written even more deeply on the faces of some, and thus the one of us, one—those whose souls have been blessed by the Spirit of God throughout the whole night yielding to Him thus, the last to come being a Sonster whose Bandman sweetheart has helped her to make the decision.

And thus The Salvation Army in Great Britain spent the night of November 2nd—not alone in these London centres, but in Glasgow, where the General was in command, at Manchester and Liverpool and hundreds of other places, from great cities down to tiny country villages, and the Great Salvationist Siege commenced.

A STRIKING TRIBUTE TO A MISSIONARY HEROINE

**Memorial Tablet Unveiled in
Elmvale Presbyterian Church, in
Memory of the late Major Maggie
Andrew**

On November 13th the village of Elmvale paid a striking tribute to the life and service of the late Major Maggie Andrew, who was born and spent her girlhood days in the village.



The Memorial Tablet placed in the Presbyterian Church at Elmvale

A Memorial Tablet has been placed in the Presbyterian Church of which the Major was once a member, Colonel Taylor, Lt-Colonel McAmmond and Mrs. Staff-Captain Sparks being present for the unveiling, while music was supplied by the Midland Band.

After an address by the Pastor of the Church, in which he expressed the hope that other members of his Church might become Army Officers, Mrs. Staff-Captain Sparks, who was a sister of the late Major Andrew, spoke feelingly of her sister's devoted Christian life.

The Tablet was unveiled by the Field Secretary and Mrs. Sparks, and memories of our Promoted comrade's missionary service were revived as the Church Choir sang "Jesus shall reign."

Colonel Taylor and the Midland Band remained for the evening service in which the Colonel gave an illuminating Bible address.

ON DUTY ON HOLIDAY

On Friday afternoons the men Cadets are allowed a few hours free time; so it came about that on Friday, Nov. 11th, two Cadets were walking down Yonge Street, when a man on the sidewalk stopped them with a trivial question. This question answered, he was anxious to open a conversation, and was soon evident that his loquacity was partly due to the fact that he had been drinking but your typical Cadet is not daunted by trifles, so the two of them went at the man "hammer and tongs" about his sins and the danger in which his soul stood.

So eventually did they deal with him that he expressed a desire to be saved at once; it may be that a latent anxiety had caused him to speak to them at first. At any rate, they immediately piloted their captive to the Temple, where they were joined by several other Cadets, and soon the visitors at the Scout and Guard Exhibition were impressed by the sight of this group kneeling at the Temple mercy-seat, while the man sought and found Salvation.

After the light came into his soul, the man's eyes shined through the crowd, sobbed now and in his right mind, declaring that Jesus had saved him.

So the Cadets spent their free time waging the war in which there is no discharge and this dear fellow found, on Armistice Day, the peace which passeth all understanding.

The Guard Troops of St. John's are all alive and active. St. John's III, under Guard-Leader K. Barter, is making rapid strides. St. John's I and II, under Guard-Leader N. Bailey and Mrs. Captain Brown respectively, have each set an objective for their Troops, and to aspire with those Troops means to win.

encouraging. Lieutenant Arthur Moulton, with dancing eyes, reports his new venture into Scouting as "Just great," and says that the Bell Island Troop, of which he is the Chaplain, is going strong, and is right down to class and test work. This Troop is just over six months old. One Scout-Leader is already in the Training Garrison, from Bell Island, and quite a number of the lads are saved Soldiers. Carry over Scout-Leader Blackmore! More

Captain and Mrs. Driscoll, at Deer Lake, are full of boundless enthusiasm for the boys and girls. Besides having the formation of a new Band in hand, the Captain is seriously studying the regulations of

and I leave a week from Sunday. You'll come to the farewell meeting won't you?"

ALEXANDER BAY, Captain Goulding's lieutenant, said:—On Sunday night the Hall was filled with men and women who had walked a long distance to enjoy a real Salvation meeting. The presence of God filled the place. After a red-hot testimony meeting, the Corps Officers spoke, and the congregation was brought face to face with the question, "Is my name written there?" The singing of "He ever lives above," melted the hearts of many, and three souls sought

(Continued from page 11)

you," said the minister as they shook hands in the doorway. "I would have been the thing for me to have done, but I was afraid my presence might have embarrassed you in your own place of business."

Moore was in a state of confusion and the gambling place. The interview had been anything but satisfactory. "Not a word about the condition of my soul," he mused. "why, even The Army folk would have let me get away with a word or two. I shall inquire as to my spiritual condition. What would David have said to a thing like that?"

Captain Blake, meanwhile, was busy, according to her lights, in a heroic attempt to bring the soldiers into the ranks of the temple. Her faith was in the Lord God. Her faith was in the Lord God and she frequently brought Moore before her Soldiers for prayer.

One bright day she accosted the object of her prayers as they passed on the street.

"I am calling," she told him and he heard the words with sinking heart. "My orders came yesterday

and I leave a week from Sunday.
You'll come to the farewell meeting,
won't you?"

"I surely will," he replied. "I
don't see why they have to take you
away just now. I'm just beginning
to get interested in the work that
you are doing here."

She hesitated a moment.

"There is something I want you to
do for me."

"What is it? Another charity
case?"

"No. It's about yourself. You've
said you are interested in my work,
but my biggest job seems to fail to
attract you. I go myself. Some-
times I feel I'm going to bring
you a Bible and I want you to
promise to read it. Will you?"

"I'll be glad to," he agreed, "but
it's only fair to warn you that I've
read the Bible many times. I can
make up my mind to anything that
that I've not already considered
you'll be better than the rest of them
were."

"I'll give the job of making you

Now comes an "R.F.A." Officer's letter, and Staff-Captain Sainsbury, the Guard Organizer, is full of glee as another Guard Troop is reported as progressing at Humbermouth. Captain Jessie Lewis, who grew up in the St. John's II Troop, is pushing things there.

The Captain traces her career back to the age of twelve, when in a special day's meetings, conducted by Staff-Captain Sainsbury, the Guard Organizer, some words were spoken which have been her guide ever since.

Another Officer, Lieutenant Simms, formerly of Grand Falls Troop, now in command of Black Island Corps has also formed a Troop there.

At Dildo, Lieutenant W. Oakley and Brother Ross Cole have a new Scout Troop in hand. Captain Butler the Life-Saving Scout Organizer, paid a visit there a week or two ago, and judging from the array of musical instruments in the Quarters, it will not be any trouble to have a Scout Band at Dildo. Commandant Cole, the Corps Officer, is all out for the Young People.

Grand Falls Guard Troop is busy sewing and making articles for the poor for Christmas distribution. "Service to others" is a very real part of Guarding with this Troop.

Other Troops are going along well and a new impetus is being given to Scout and Guard activities throughout the Territory.

SISTER MRS. SUSAN YOUNG
CHANCEPORT

The Call has come to one of our comrades, Sister Mrs. Susan Young, who had been suffering for quite a long while. We were glad to know that when the Call came she was prepared. Our comrade left a glowing testimony behind and knew that she was going to be with Jesus. During her illness she was visited many times, and although suffering very severely, she assured her comrades that she was resigned to God's will and was waiting for Jesus to come and take her to Himself.

We laid her to rest in the Salvation Army Cemetery at Carter's Cove. The funeral service was conducted there by Lientenant Piercey, and a large and crowd attended. In the evening, the bandy night on Monday, the service was held at Carter's Cove, when several hundred soldiers who had known our Sister spoke of her life and character. The service was of an impressive character, and before the close two men who were sitting in the front row of the choir rose up and came forward to seek Salvation. One of them fell on his knees in the middle of the Hall, while the other knelt at the mercy seat. Both were gloriously saved. One of them was a son of our dear Mother.

May God bless and comfort the bereaved ones.

see to the Holy Spirit. He can do it better than I. All I ask you to do is to read it."

They shook hands.

"I'll do it," he said.

(To be continued)



By Mrs. Major Thompson

TEA CAKE

GINGER COOKIES

BAKED HADDOCK

"ALL IS NOT GOLD—"

A WOULD-BE SUICIDE REINSTATED

The manner in which this victim of adverse circumstances has responded to kindly treatment is remarkable. A position has been secured for her, at which she is proving herself a splendid worker.

MINDING OUR OWN BUSINESS

By Mabel C. Way-White, Chapleau

Also, mind your own business in regard to the children. Trashy literature breeds trashy thoughts and trashy thoughts lead to trashy deeds. So look to the literature they read. It need not always be "school books."

It is also the parents' business to watch the child's habits. A little boy of twelve put into long pants, thinks he is now a full-grown man! He does his best to imitate the men he sees about him. In his youthful ostentation he thinks it is "quite the thing" to smoke, curse and swear like "them big fellows." Now is their time to nip the habit in the bud! But no use eternally saying, "Don't do this," or "Don't do that," and per- haps following it up with the strap! This will in all probability win your boy's or girl's contempt, and besides, they will get away and do the self-same thing surreptitiously.

Tell them how it shrivels up the lungs, the nicotine poisoning the tubes and clogging the breathing apparatus. It also stunts the physical growth and interferes with the growing brain power.

Drink should never be within the child's reach at any age. And—be aware of the pleasant pastime of cards and the "pool room!" Card games are started innocently enough, but there are some people who go on till they cannot play a game unless they play for "points." Some day this leads to worse gambling and a broken home. The pool room is on the same basis. This is well known and is posted clearly as "THE ROAD TO RUIN."

sense told me that this was an ample
sum to take care of our food.

It's true that I had been very interested in articles appearing in the various women's magazines that I read, and I thought their suggestions were very nice, but somehow I didn't think of applying them to my own problem, until in desperation I decided to try one of the systems, and see what result I would have. I confess that I was very skeptical about it.

The system was this — to take time to sit down, and prepare a menu for each meal during the week. This sounds as if it would take a lot of time, but it really doesn't, and think of the joy of not having to decide each day on something to have for supper that night.

Perhaps this would not have worked so well had I not combined a little plan of my own with it, because it is very easy to think of good things to eat, but another matter to make it conform to your pocketbook. One day I would list, for each menu, but in another column, I would list the articles that would have to be purchased for that meal, and the cost of each article. If, at my first attempt I exceeded the \$10.00 I would go over the list again, and until I had a list of well balanced meals for the whole week. Another advantage is that most of the articles can be bought on one day at the beginning of the week, and thus save the trouble of shopping every day. Some articles, such as sticks and meats would have to be purchased on the day they were to be used.

A matter about which I was entirely ignorant when I was first married, was that of meat. In my mind there were only two or three cuts that could be used to any advantage. In fact there were only two or three that I knew the names of. By chance, I noticed an advertisement of one of the meat packers in which they offered free to anyone sending for them, a chart of the different cuts of beef, or lamb, or pork, with recipes for preparing the cheaper cuts of meat in an appetizing manner. They were a revelation to me, and I saw at once the dozens that I thought were only good for soup, could be made into attractive dishes for dinner.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A YOUNG WIFE

PART IX—The Table Budget

Both George and I like good things

to eat, a-d wanted them, but I saw that there must be some sort of a system so that we would not live sumptuously one day and very plainly the next. To keep an account of my expenditures was not enough. The fact that I would have to list them in my account book when I reached home, did not keep me from buying the tempting fruit that was at the store, or the treat that I could not resist. I really trouble and the least time. I really became discouraged about it, and thought that it would take someone wiser and more economical than I to run a house on \$19.00 per week. And yet, common

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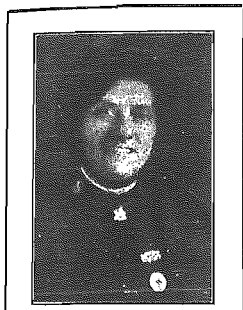
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CIRCULATION
CHART

Corps selling 800 and over	860
Halifax (Adjutant and Mrs. Bonhill)	855
Montreal (Ensign and Mrs. Green)	
Corps selling 600 and over	605
Hamilton IV (Adjutant and Mrs. Alderman)	600
Riverdale (Field-Major and Mrs. Higdon)	
Corps selling 500 and over	505
Ottawa I (Ensign and Mrs. Falcie)	



SISTER MRS. WILSON,
a faithful Herald of
Sarnia

Hamilton I (Commandant and Mrs. Ellsworth)	550
Montreal (Commandant and Mrs. Hargrove)	525
Corps selling 400 and over	
Timmins (Ensign and Mrs. Bond, Lieut. Dowling)	400
Kingston (Commandant and Mrs. Barclay)	400
Corps selling 300 and over	
Yorkville (Commandant and Mrs. Speller)	365
Windsor I (Commandant and Mrs. Eassey Hayward)	350
Brock Avenue (Captain and Mrs. Green)	325
St. Thomas (Commandant and Mrs. Woolcott)	315
Sherbrooke (Ensign and Mrs. Latham, Lieutenant Hallam)	315
Hamilton III (Commandant and Mrs. Wiseman)	300
St. John I (Commandant and Mrs. Jordan)	300
Brantford (Field-Major and Mrs. Squareberry)	300
Sarnia (Commandant and Mrs. Cavender)	300
Lippincott (Captain and Mrs. Ellis)	300
Montreal II (Ensign and Mrs. Hart)	300
Corps selling 200 and over	
Truro (Adjutant and Mrs. Hillory)	285
Halifax II (Commandant Wells)	275
Windsor II (Adjutant Bird, Captain Hart)	275
Montreal IV (Adjutant Smith, Lieut. Thompson)	275
North Toronto (Ensign Clarke, Lieutenant Barrett)	265
East Toronto (Commandant and Mrs. Gillingham)	265
Fredericton (Field-Major and Mrs. Hines)	265
Niagara Falls (Adjutant and Mrs. Kimmings)	265
Port Colborne (Captain Zarfas, Lieut. Simpson)	260
Oshawa (Commandant and Mrs. Ham)	260
Peterboro (Adjutant Jones, Captain Feltman)	260
Dovercourt (Commandant and Mrs. Ashmure)	260
London I (Commandant and Mrs. Laing)	250
Orillia (Adjutant and Mrs. Godden)	250
Sydney (Captain and Mrs. Everett)	250
Hamilton II (Commandant and Mrs. Rumer)	250
Windsor II (Ensign Hidding and Richardson)	250
St. Catharines (Field-Major and Mrs. Mercer, Adjutant Mercer)	225
Earlecourt (Adjutant and Mrs. McEban)	225
Parliament Street (Ensign Page, Lieutenant Cordy)	225
Galt (Adjutant and Mrs. Galt)	225
Glace Bay (Captain and Mrs. Howlett)	225
New Glasgow (Adjutant and Mrs. Stevens)	225
St. Stephen (Adjutant and Mrs. Cummings)	225

(Continued in column 4)

The Proof of The Pudding

A PROMISING RECIPE—"JUST IT"—A HOLIDAY JAUNT—
SOME FAITHFUL BOOMERS—PUZZLED—SHOUT
"HURRAH!"—CHRISTMAS ORDERS ROLLING IN—PREPARE
FOR SURPRISES

AS A YORKSHIREMAN would say: "These knaves had proof of it" (I hope that's the correct lingo). Anyway, it's the truest truth, the fastest fact.

One Ottawa I brother believes it. He's been reading the Circulation notes which have flowed from this pen about the Christmas Special. I seem to see him in his armchair reading all the wonders it contains, and absorbing every word. Then when he gets to the end of his absorbing, he nods his head in a wise, cautious sort of way, and says to himself: "Somehow it's going to be a fine number; recipe seems promising, the pudding ought to be great. But still"—(in the words of a former British Prime Minister) "I'll

'Wait and See.'

Let me set my eyes on it; let me get a taste of it, and then—we'll know things."

All right! Good reasoning that! Sound sense! Knows his onions! A Solomonical way of viewing things, etc.

What's the result?

Friend C. J. Mason, WAR CRY enthusiast, Master-herald, Super-boomer, for it is he, gets hold of an early copy of the Christmas "CRY," it tastes it, digests it, enjoys it, wants more, and in his ecstasy, gets pen and ink and paper and writes to me thuswise:

"Say, Mister! Isn't this Christmas 'CRY' just IT?" (Not his usual drawing room English, but, nevertheless, expressive!)

"I've been hearing for a long time now," he continues, "special numbers described as 'The Best Yet,' etc., but on looking over this one, every article made me say, 'I want to read that!'"

"And the illustrations! I'll just say they're fine; and I am particularly taken with the back cover!"

What's the Use

of telling you? You've seen it! "May God richly bless and reward you, and all who helped in any way,

for all that has been put into such a marvellous edition. I wish I could sell ten thousand."

"Our Ensign here is a great man for plans apparently. All he asks me to do next week," he concludes facetiously, "is to sell 1,000 Christmas 'CRYS,' and the following week he expects to have another 2,000 here, and I am ONLY to sell 1,000 of them."

A mere trifle for the gallant WAR CRY enthusiast, a flea-bite, a mere bugaboo. When he gets going, the selling of 2,000 of the Christmas Specials will be a holiday jaunt for him, a simple playtime.

Anyway this

'Unsolicted Testimonial'

from a satisfied buyer" ought to convince the most cautious of the cautious.

Talking of heralds and their deeds, here's a Sister, by name Sister Mrs. Wilson, of Sarnia. Set your gaze on the face of this Sister seller of Sarnia and know that you are looking at one who delights to hear the Salvation Messenger in the streets of her burg. "She is so faithful," says our correspondent of her. Could any finer tribute be paid!

Which reminds me of another boomer. At the close of a Corps report which reached this office last week from Partington Avenue Corps was the note—isolated, altogether devoid of context—"Brother Houghton is booming THE WAR CRY."

That puzzled me! The phrasing reminds one of little Sister who runs at Daddy with, "Tommy's eating the jam!" This worthy Brother, it seems, is booming THE WAR CRY.

Why Not?

With such a topping WAR CRY as ours it would be a matter for remark if the gallant comrade was not booming THE WAR CRY.

Let him! I'm not the chap to stop him. Keep him at it; don't let him slow down; shout "superior" to him; give him a few "hurrahs" to help him along, serve him refreshments, hold his coat, do anything to keep

THE CHRISTMAS
SPECIAL

This Week's Big Orders

Ottawa I	4,000
(Ensign and Mrs. Falcie)	
West Toronto	3,000
(Comdt. and Mrs. Davis, Lieutenant Ward)	
Hamilton I	3,000
(Comdt. and Mrs. Ellsworth)	
London I	3,000
(Comdt. and Mrs. Laing)	

him going.

Go to it, my boy! And may you sell 1,000 a week and live forever.

There was one other thing. What was it? Ah, yes! A last word about the Christmas. I was in the Publisher's Office just now and he was telling me about the orders that are rolling in for the Christmas number—1,000 here, 2,000 there, 500 here, 900 there, etc., etc., etc.

He is hoping for

A Record-Shattering Order

this year. We can do it if we all put our shoulders to the wheel and help to push the old chariot along. Gallant Mason will help us, Sister Mrs. Wilson will help us, comrade Houghton will be there with sleeves rolled up, a host of Brother boomers will help us, myriads of our Sister Heralds will assist us to roll the old Circulation Chariot along.

There's lots more to say; but as the man exclaimed as he fell from the roof of a sky-scraper: "One must stop somewhere!" in the meantime just be prepared for surprises; for on all hands you'll

—C. M. Rising.

(Continued from column 1)

Woodstock, Ont.	210
(Adjutant and Mrs. Kison)	
Ottawa III	210
(Adjutant and Mrs. Howes)	
Sudbury	210
(Captain and Mrs. Joly, Captain Dearman)	
Yarmouth	200
(Ensign Leach, Lieutenant Hamilton)	
Charlottetown	200
(Adjutant and Mrs. Chapman)	
Chatham, Ont.	200
(Ensign Waters, Lieutenant Spillet)	
Norwich	200
(Commandant and Mrs. Poole)	
Sault Ste. Marie I	200
(Ensign and Mrs. Thompson)	
Montreal VI	200
(Ensign and Mrs. Rawlin)	
Bridgeport	200
(Lieutenants Ford and Vail)	
Stratford	200
(Adjutant and Mrs. Robinson)	
West Toronto	200
(Commandant and Mrs. Davis, Lt. Ward)	
Danforth	200
(Adjutant and Mrs. Martin)	
Bedford Park	200
(Captain Gage, Lieut. Wiseman)	
Corps Selling 150 and over	
Dartmouth	185
(Captain and Mrs. Vaisey)	
Belleville	180
(Adjutant and Mrs. Boulton)	
Owen Sound	180
(Commandant and Mrs. Jordan)	
Lisgar Street	180
(Ensign, Squire, Captain Lounes)	
Scarlett Plains	180
(Captain Smith, Lieut. Harrington)	
Kitchener	175
(Commandant and Mrs. Condie)	
Toronto I	170
(Adjutant and Mrs. Crowe)	
Geolphi	170
(Commandant and Mrs. White)	
Whitby	170
(Captain and Mrs. Mills)	
Pictou	170
(Ensign and Mrs. Payton)	
St. John II	165
(Commandant and Mrs. Williams)	
Toronto Temple	160
(Commandant and Mrs. Riches, Ensign Eubank)	
Cobourg	155
(Ensign and Mrs. Pollock)	
Cornwall	155
(Adjutant and Mrs. White)	
Swansea	155
(Captain Page, Lieut. Williams)	
Campbellton	150
(Captain and Mrs. Payton)	
Woodstock, N.B.	150
(Ensign Dunby, Captain Hunt)	
St. John III	150
(Commandant and Mrs. Weston)	
Sault Ste. Marie II	150
(Adjutant and Mrs. Luxton)	
Ottawa II	150
(Ensign McGowan, Lieut. Murray)	
Leamington	150
(Ensign and Mrs. Morris)	
Walsburg	150
(Ensign Chittenden and Stokes)	
Brockville	150
(Captain and Mrs. Turrell)	

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**HALF-NIGHT
OF PRAYER
IN TORONTO.**
(See page 9)



**WHEN SIN'S
FETTERS ARE
BROKEN.**
(See page 3)

Official Gazette of
THE SALVATION ARMY in CANADA EAST and NEWFOUNDLAND

No. 2251. Price Five Cents.

TORONTO 2, DECEMBER 3rd, 1927.

WILLIAM MAXWELL, Lt.-Commissioner.

Coming Events

THE CHIEF SECRETARY
Massey Hall—Sun., Dec. 11 (night).

MRS. COLONEL HENRY
Parliament Street (Home League
Sale of Work)—Thurs., Dec. 1.
Danforth (Home League Sale of
Work)—Tues., Dec. 6.
Wychwood (Home League Sale of
Work)—Wed., Dec. 7.

COLONEL ADBY: West Toronto, Thurs.,
Dec. 22; Leggar St., Thurs., Dec. 29.
COLONEL TAYLOR: Leggar St., Dec. 19.
Dec. 15: London III. Mon., Dec. 19.
MAJOR BEST: Ottawa III. Fri., Dec. 2,
to Mon., Dec. 5.

MAJOR AND MRS. KENDALL: Ottawa
III. Fri., Nov. 25, to Mon., Dec. 5.

MAJOR OWEN: Whitney Pier, Thurs.,
Dec. 1; North Sydney, Tues., Dec. 6;
Sydney Mines Sat.-Sun., Dec. 10-11;
New Aberdeen, Thurs., Dec. 15; North
Sydney, Sat.-Sun., Dec. 17-18.

MAJOR RITCHIE: Halifax I., Thurs.,
Dec. 1; Yarmouth, Sat.-Mon., Dec. 3-5;
Shelburne, Tues., Dec. 6; Liverpool,
Wed.-Thurs., Dec. 7-8; Lunenburg,
Fri., Dec. 9; Bridgewater, Sat.-Sun.,
Dec. 10-11.

STAFF-CAPTAIN RICHARDS: Windsor,
Thurs., Dec. 1; Trenton, Sat.-Sun.,
Dec. 5-6; Oxford, Wed., Dec. 7; Spring-
hill, Thurs., Dec. 8-9; Parrsboro,
Sat.-Sun., Dec. 10-11.

STAFF-CAPTAIN SPOONER: Brant-
ford, Sat.-Sun., Dec. 3-4.

FIELD-MAJOR URQUHART: Guelph,
Wed., Nov. 30, to Thurs., Dec. 12.

"THEIR WORKS DO FOLLOW THEM"

When preparing your will,
please remember the great needs
of The Salvation Army, and so
enable its beneficent Mission of
Mercy to continue when you
have passed away.

**FORM OF WILL AND
BEQUEST:**
"I GIVE, DEVISE AND BE-
QUEATH unto the Governing
Council of The Salvation Army
Canada East Territory, the sum
of \$..... (or
..... in the City or Town of.....),
to be used and applied by them at
their discretion for the general pur-
poses of The Salvation Army in
the said Territory."

OR,
"I bequeath to General William
Brantwell Booth, or other the Gen-
eral for the time being of The
Salvation Army, the sum of \$.....
to be used and applied by
him at his discretion for the
general purposes of the work of
The Salvation Army in foreign
lands, the receipt of the said Wil-
liam Brantwell Booth, or other the
General for the time being afore-
said, to be sufficient discharge to
the Trustees for the said sum."

If the Testator desires the fund
or the proceeds of sale of property
placed in certain hands, then add
the following clause: "For use in
(Rescue or other) work carried
on by The Salvation Army."

For further information, apply to—
**LIEUT.-COMMISSIONER
MAXWELL,**
20 Albert Street,
Toronto 2.

TERRITORIAL PARS

We regret to state that Mrs. Ensign
Pollock has been obliged to undergo a
second operation. Prayer is requested for
our comrade.

The Trade Department now sells music
manuscript paper. This may be obtained
in two sizes—for full score and part
writing. Calligraphers—mature and bud-
ding—will consider this a boon.

At an "All-Canadian" dinner in the
Coliseum, Toronto, at which His Excel-
lency the Governor-General and Lady
Willington and five hundred guests were
present, Commissioner Lamb was called
upon to say grace.

The Temple Home League will hold a
Sale of Work on Friday, December 9th.

London I Band has added a monster
bass to its instrumentation. This is
"Our own make."

Captain Laura Gage has been appointed
to Halifax Hospital.

According to the final report, two hun-
dred and fifty awards were made to prize
winners in connection with the Toronto
Handicraft Exhibition.

Colonel Adby paid a visit to Chatham
Corps on Monday, November 21st, in the
interests of the Young People's War.

TEN DAYS REVIVAL CAMPAIGN Over Sixty Seekers

GALT (adjutant and Mrs. Graves)—
"The ten days' Revival campaign just
concluded here by Major and Mrs. Ken-
dall, has been a season of revelation
and rich blessing. The power of the
Holy Ghost was manifest as numbers
of earnest seekers responded to the
leadings of God and came to present
themselves as living sacrifices. The week-
night meetings attracted good crowds of
hungry, expectant comrades as well as
friends of The Army, and the searching
truths, while cutting deeply and un-
covering before our eyes the condition of
the soul brought forth a willing respon-
se on the part of many."

On Friday, Nov. 11th, Adjutant Al-
bion, Lieutenant Grant and about thirty
volunteers from Hamilton IV. band, with
us and a wonderful time was spent. Mrs.
Kendall's message laid bare the true
state of many hearts and seekers found
their way to the Altar. The final meet-
ing, held the following Tuesday, was a
season of soul-searching, resulting in
seekers at the Cross. Major Kendall
made an appeal for Candidates and
dedicated four young people to God under
the Cross.

During the campaign there were over
sixty seekers at the Altar and the church
offering amounted to \$60.00. Many hours
were spent by Major Kendall and Adjutant
Grant in visiting the sick in the hospital.
Major MacGillivray, of Toronto, Captain
and Mrs. K. MacGillivray, of Preston,
Lieutenant Kingston, and several com-
rades from Hespeler, Preston, Kitchener
and Guelph were also with us during the
campaign.

Another Home League Conversion

NORTH TORONTO (Ensign Clarke,
Lieut. Barrett)—During house-to-house
visitation, the Corps Officers called
upon a woman who had not only suffered
the loss of a child, but had been ill her-
self. After conversation and prayer, the
Officers invited this woman to the meet-
ings, and particularly to the Home
League meeting. Recovering from her
sickness, she came, and during the course
of the meeting was convicted of sin.
While the Home League Secretary,
Mrs. Major Thompson, was publicly ac-
knowledging her conversion, other new League
members, she asked all who were saved
to raise their hands. With the exception
of this one woman, all did so. During
a brief prayer meeting which followed,
the convicted woman came to the pen-
itent's stand and gave herself to God, later
testifying to having received Christ into
her heart, and requesting prayer that
she might be kept. This is the second
case of a sister finding Salvation in the
Home League gatherings during the past
month.

Two at Mercy-Save

NAPANEE (Ensign and Mrs. C. A.
Howe)—Last week-end we had with us
Mrs. and Mr. SECRETARY. Their
messages were much enjoyed. Splendid
crowds attended the services. On Sun-
day night the message made a deep
impression and two seekers knelt at the
mercy-seat.

New Officers Welcomed

WINGHAM (Captain Danby, Lieutenant
Gray)—On Sunday last we welcomed our
new Officers, Captain Danby and Lieuten-
ant Gray. This was a day of much
blessing and resulted in a young woman
returning to God.

OCEAN TRAVEL

Officers, Soldiers and Friends of
The Salvation Army intending to
go to Europe, will find it distinctly
to their advantage to book passage
with The Salvation Army Immi-
gration Department.

For further information, apply to—
THE RESIDENT SECRETARY,
1225 University St., Montreal,
or to Mr. SECRETARY, 20
16 Albert St., Toronto 2.
365 Ontario St., London, Ont.
27 Ridgeway St., Moncton, N.B.
114 Beckwith St.,
Smith's Falls, Ont.
908 Dundas St., Woodstock, Ont.

THE CHIEF OF THE STAFF (COMMISSIONER EDWARD HIGGINS, C.B.E.)

Supported by
**MRS. COMMISSIONER HIGGINS,
THE TERRITORIAL COMMANDER,
And Members of the Territorial Headquarters Staff,**

will conduct a

BATTLE FOR SOULS

in the

Massey Hall, - - - Toronto

SUNDAY, DEC. 11th at 6.45 p.m.

We are looking for you



The Salvation Army will search for
missing persons in any part of the globe,
befriend, and as far as possible, assist
anyone in difficulty.

One dollar should, where possible, be
sent with each enquiry, to help defray
expenses.
Address, Colonel Wm. Morehen, James
and Albert Streets Toronto 2, marking
"Enquiry" on the envelope.

COLES, George—Aged 49 years; medium
height; native of England. Came to Can-
ada from England when just a lad. When
last heard of, he was living in Greys
Mills, Ontario. Should this meet the
eye, please communicate. Sister in Eng-
land anxious to hear from him. 16814

FORD, William Albert—Last heard of
in Alberta; it is thought he is somewhere
in Canada East. Should this meet the
eye, please communicate. Brother George
anxious to hear him. 16800

WALMSLEY, Alfred—Aged 18 years;
height 6 ft. 5 in.; weight 135 lbs. Fair
hair; grey eyes; fair complexion; left his
home in Montreal in September, 1927.
Should this meet the eye, please com-
municate; parents anxious to locate. 16802

JONES, Henry—Anyone knowing the
present whereabouts of this man, kindly
inform us, as he is urgently sought by
his sister in England. Age 39 years;
height 6 ft.; brown hair; dark eyes; pale
complexion. 16893

BLIGH, Thomas—Aged 56 years; height
5 ft. 11 in.; fair hair; fair complexion;
native of Tring, Herts., England. His
sister in England very anxious to hear
from him. 16867

HART, Alexander—Aged 35 or 37. Last
heard from working at Camp 38, Nairn,
Ontario. Should this meet the eye, please
communicate. Father very anxious to
hear from him. 16899

EKDAL, Walter—Aged 26 years. Farmer-
working for a Mr. Wm. Prince, Win-
chester, Ontario. His whereabouts is
urgently sought by his father. 16114

DODD, Edward Harold—Aged 35 years,
height 5 ft. 5 1/2 in., weight 185 lbs. Dark
brown hair, blue eyes, dark complexion.
is a native of Nottingham, England.
Left his home on the 17th of September,
1927. His whereabouts is urgently sought.
16792

BOY TRAMPS HELPED AT KITCHENER

From the London "Free Press"

Dan Harvey and Victor Hartnett,
two boy tramps, who were picked up
by the police at Kitchener last week,
have been given employment by
local men interested in making good
citizens out of wanderers. The two
boys walked from Halifax to the
Niagara Peninsula and then to North
Bay and finally to Kitchener.

The boys, through the intervention
of the two local men and a Kitchener
firm in conjunction with The Salva-
tion Army, have started work, and
their future lies in their own hands.
On lad is using an assumed name,
and when he re-establishes himself,
he intends communicating with his
sister.